



# CONCERNED

the half-life and death of gordon frohman

BY CHRISTOPHER C. LIVINGSTON  
GREG GALCIK, JOE YUSKA























































DEAR DR. BREEN,  
WHAT UP, DAWG?



I'M A NEW CITIZEN OF CITY 17,  
AND FOR THE MOST PART,  
I REALLY DIG THIS TOWN! BUT  
I HAVE A QUESTION I WAS  
HOPING YOU COULD ANSWER  
FOR ME.



THERE ARE SOME REALLY  
FINE LOOKIN' LADIES IN THIS  
CITY, AND YET WHEN I SEE  
THEM, I DON'T FEEL ANY...  
WELL, FOR LACK OF A  
BETTER TERM, *URGES*.  
I GOT NO ANGLE ON MY  
DANGLE! YOU FEEL ME?



I GUESS MY QUESTION IS THIS:

WHY HAS THE COMBINE  
SEEN FIT TO SUPPRESS OUR  
REPRODUCTIVE CYCLE?

SINCERELY,  
A CONCERNED CITIZEN.



PS: SERIOUSLY! FROHMAN  
GOTS TO GET HIS FREAK ON!

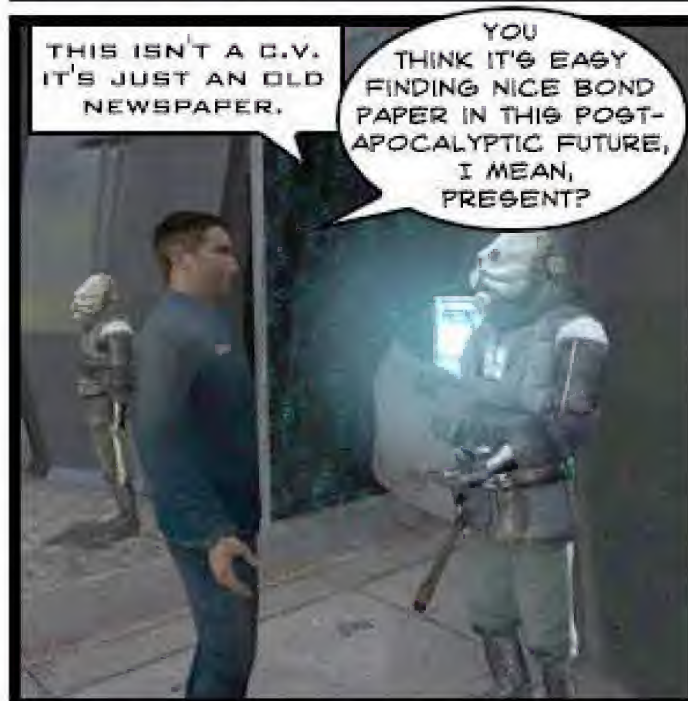
PPS: I LOVE YOUR SHOW!  
YOU ROCK! TTYL!



HM.  
I WONDER  
IF HE EDITS  
THESE LETTERS  
BEFORE HE  
READS THEM  
ON THE  
AIR.















WHERE AND WHEN WAS YOUR LAST JOB, AND WHY DID YOU LEAVE IT?



MY LAST JOB WAS THE BLACK MESA RESEARCH FACILITY IN NEW MEXICO, AN INDETERMINATE AMOUNT OF TIME AGO.



BLACK MESA RESEARCH FACILITY

LIFE, AND GRAPHICS, WERE SIMPLER THEN, AND PROMISES TO BUY BEER FOR OTHERS WERE OFTEN MADE.



I'D BEEN WORKING THERE A FEW WEEKS WHEN SUDDENLY, RAVENOUS CREATURES FROM THE XEN BORDER WORLD INVADDED, KILLING NEARLY EVERYONE IN THE COMPLEX.



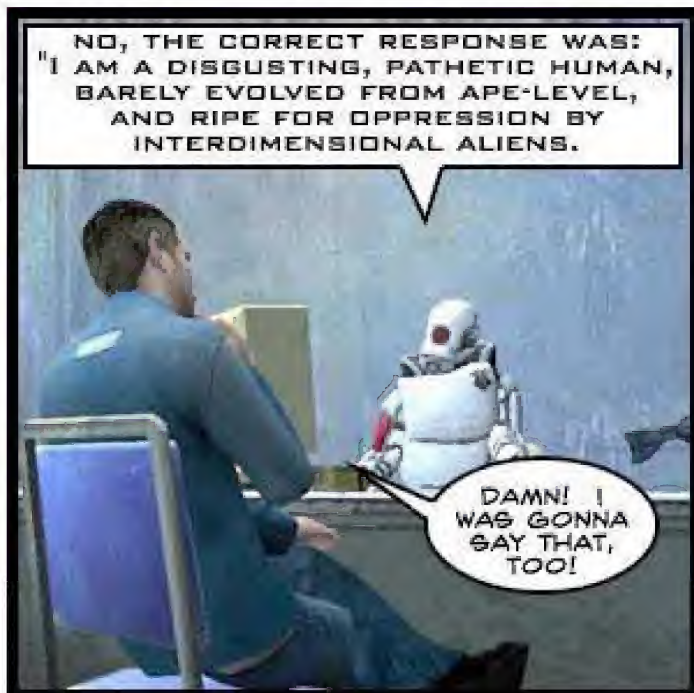
SOON, THE ARMY ARRIVED, AND THEY KILLED EVERYONE ELSE. THEN THE FACILITY WAS NUKED.



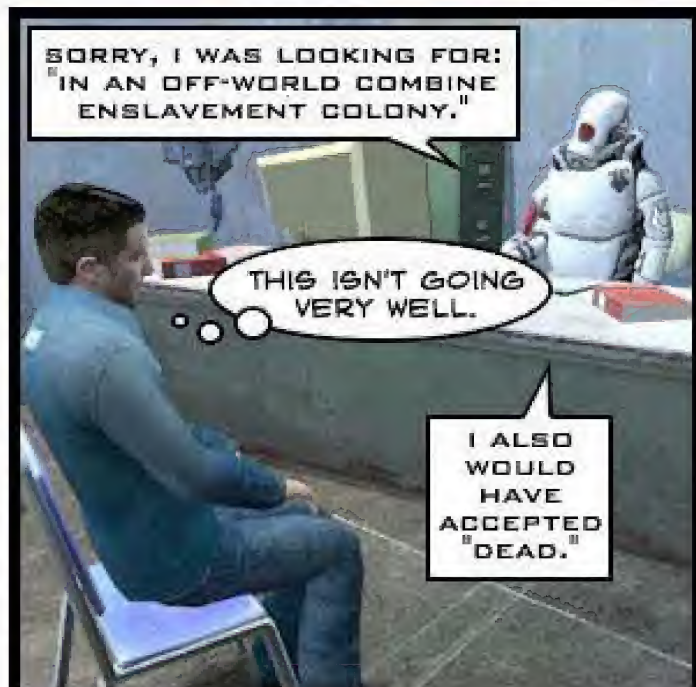
I CAN SEE WHY YOU QUIT.

WELL, THAT, PLUS THEY WERE DICKS ABOUT PAYING OVERTIME.

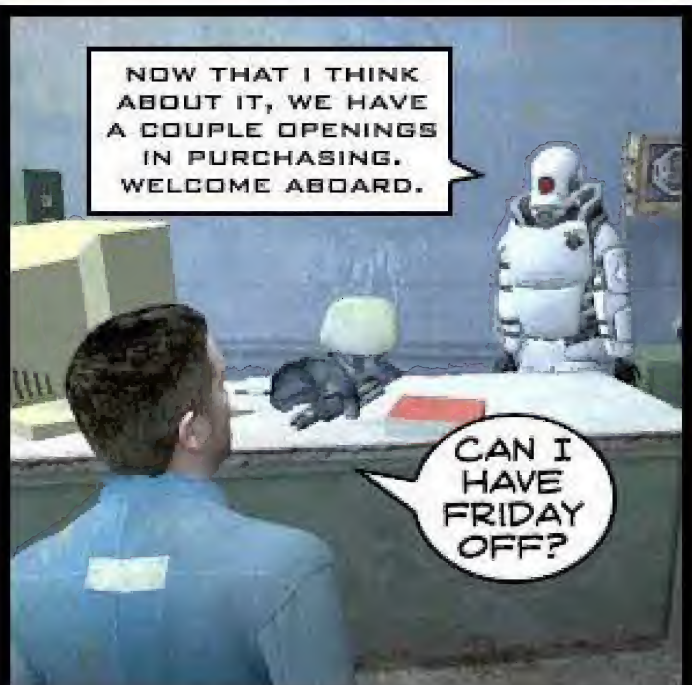














DEAR DR. BREEN,

I JUST STARTED MY NEW JOB AT THE CITADEL! MAYBE I'LL EVEN RUN INTO YOU SOMETIME! ANYWAY, I HAVE A QUESTION YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO ANSWER.



I WAS DOWN IN SUB-BASEMENT 101 A LITTLE WHILE AGO, LOOKING FOR THE EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM, WHEN SUDDENLY...

EYAGH!  
HEADCRABS!



I TRIED TO RUN, BUT I REALIZED I HAD NO STRENGTH IN MY LEGS!



AS I STROLLED SLOWLY AWAY IN SHEER TERROR, I NOTICED MY FLASHLIGHT BATTERY WAS LOW.

SO, MY QUESTION IS THIS:



IS MY ABILITY TO SPRINT SOMEHOW TIED TO THE LEVEL OF POWER REMAINING IN MY FLASHLIGHT BATTERY? AND, IF SO, HOW DOES THAT MAKE ANY GODDAMN SENSE?

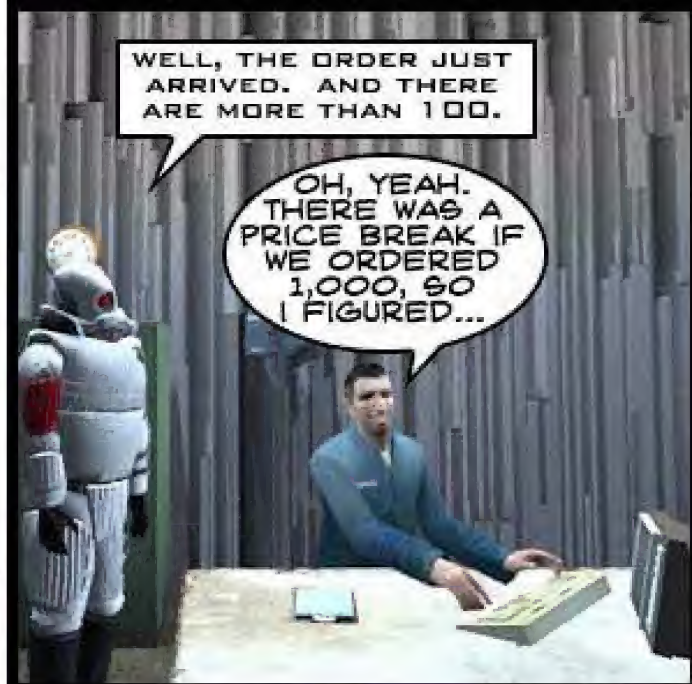
SINCERELY, A CONCERNED CITIZEN.



PS: WRITE BACK! I NEED AN ANSWER ASAP!









HELLO, DISTRIBUTION? THIS IS  
GORDON FROHMAN UP IN  
PURCHASING.



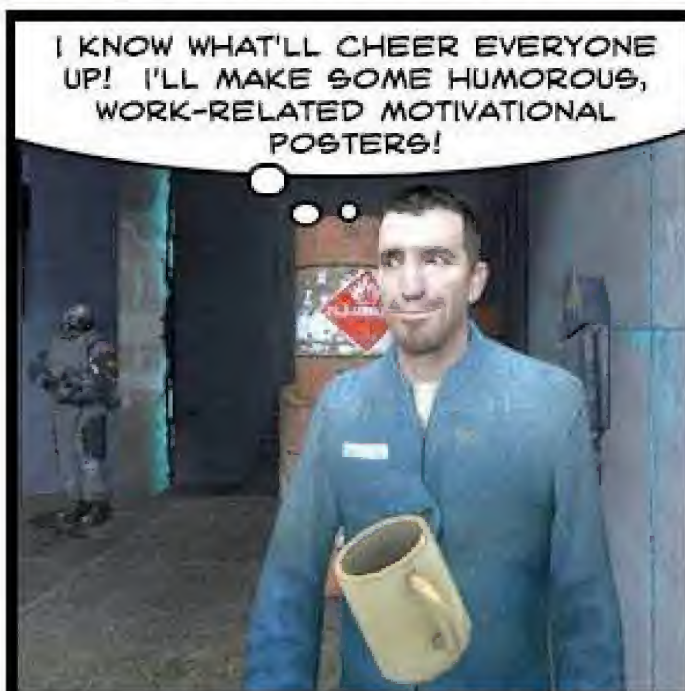
NO, *FROHMAN*.  
ANYWAY, SOME IDIOT ORDERED  
100,000 EXPLOSIVE BARRELS  
AND NOW I HAVE TO FIND A  
PLACE TO PUT THEM ALL. CAN  
YOU HELP ME OUT?



SHOULD WE REALLY  
BE STACKING THEM  
AROUND THOSE  
RICKETY BRIDGE  
SUPPORTS?

WHAT'S  
THE WORST  
THAT COULD  
HAPPEN?







SO, MICHELLE... I KNOW THE  
COMBINE SUPPRESSION  
FIELD INHIBITS OUR URGE  
TO REPRODUCE AND ALL...



...BUT  
HOW ABOUT  
WE GO OUT  
FRIDAY  
NIGHT?

FRIDAY  
NIGHT I HAVE  
MANDATORY  
TRASH  
DETAIL.



OKAY.  
SATURDAY  
AFTERNOON?

I PLAN  
TO SPEND  
ALL DAY  
SATURDAY  
SOBBING.



SOBBING, GORDON. SOBBING  
UNCONTROLLABLY. FOR BEHOLD!  
BEHOLD THE GRIM, DISMAL FATE  
THAT HAS BEFALLEN HUMANKIND!  
SLAVES ARE WE, BRUTALIZED, AND  
PUSHED TO THE VERY BRINK OF  
EXTINCTION AND ANNIHILATION!  
IS THIS THE END? IS IT? IS IT?



SATURDAY  
NIGHT?

I'M  
DOING  
LAUNDRY.





MICHELLE SAID SHE'D BE AT SOME EMPLOYEE SKILLS ENHANCEMENT SEMINAR AT NOVA PROSPEKT ALL WEEKEND. WONDER IF SHE'S BACK.



HEY, MICHELLE!

I ACKNOWLEDGE YOUR PRESENCE, CITIZEN FROHMAN.



HOW WAS NOVA PROSPEKT?

MY TRANS-HUMAN PROCEDURE WAS COMPLETED WITHOUT NOTABLE INCIDENT.



THERE'S SOMETHING... DIFFERENT ABOUT YOU... DID YOU LOSE SOME WEIGHT?

NEGATIVE.

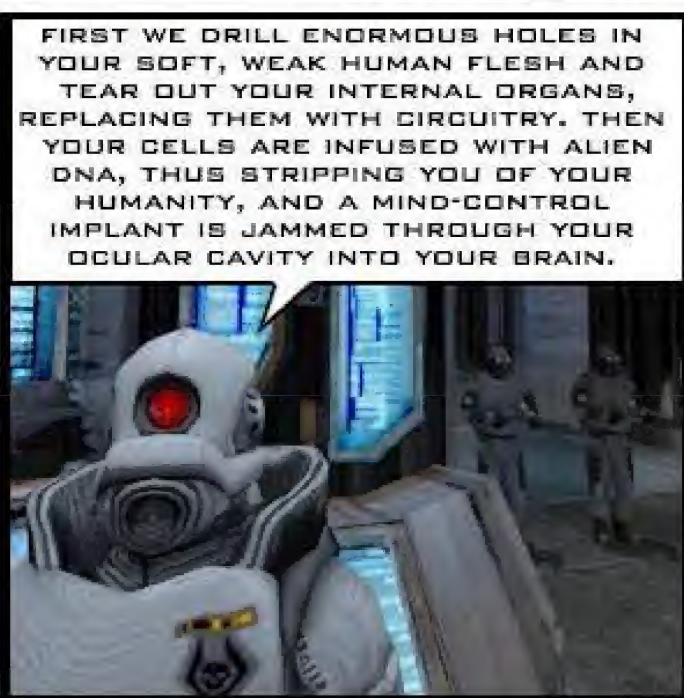


WELL, ANYWAY, GOT PLANS TONIGHT?

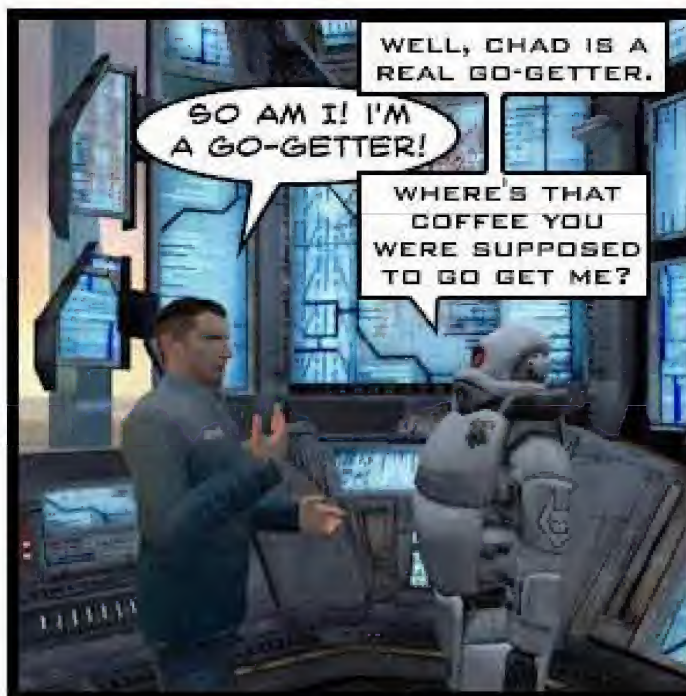
I HAVE TO WASH MY HAIR.









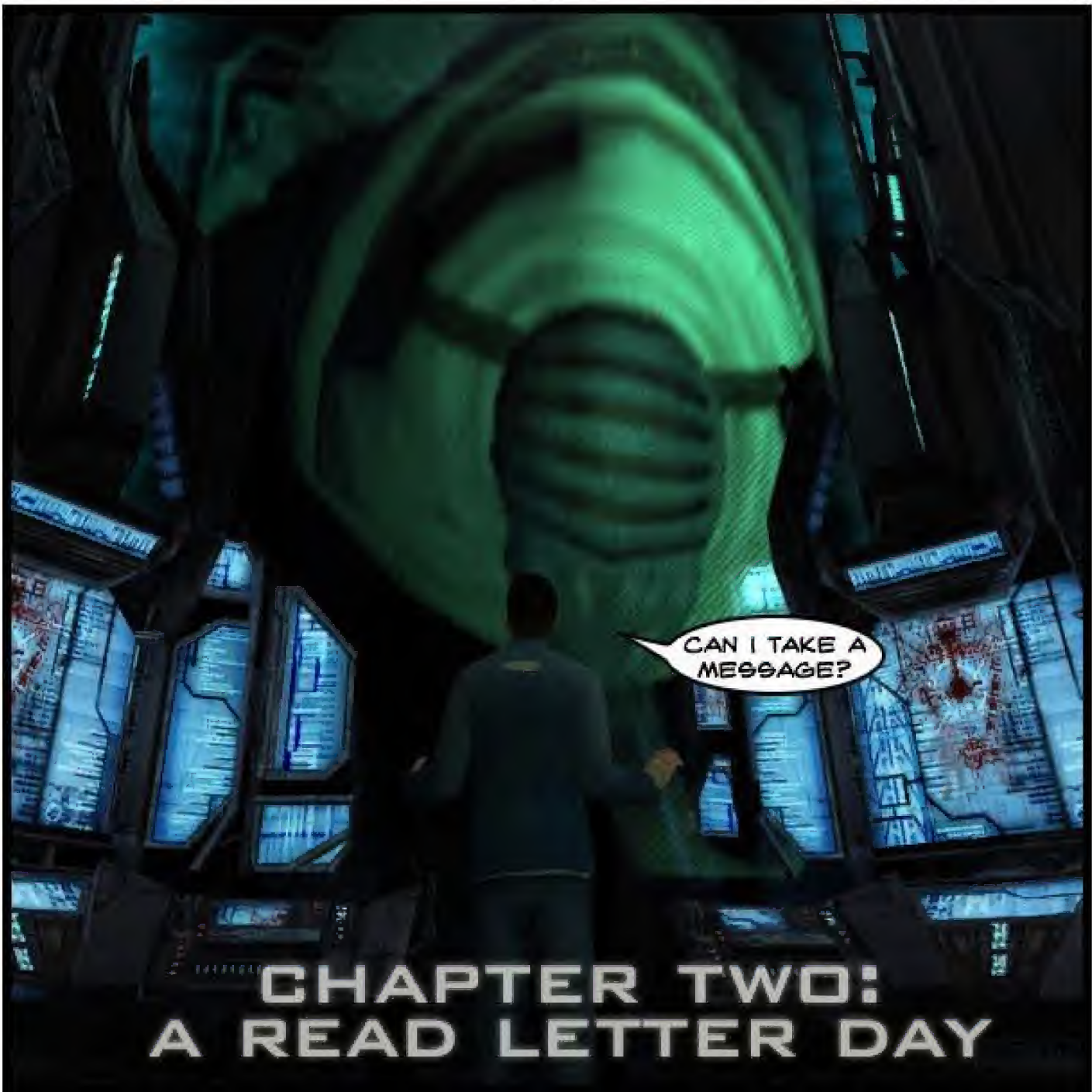




HELLO, AND THANKS FOR  
CALLING THE COMBINE  
CITADEL! MAY I HELP YOU?



OOH, SORRY, DR. BREEN IS  
OUT TO LUNCH AT THE MOMENT.



CAN I TAKE A  
MESSAGE?

**CHAPTER TWO:  
A READ LETTER DAY**



OKAY, MR. COMBINE ADVISOR, LET ME READ BACK YOUR MESSAGE TO MAKE SURE I'VE GOT IT RIGHT.



"DR. BREEN: CONTINUE DOMINATION OF PLANET EARTH. INCREASE SPAN OF MINING OPERATION TO ACQUIRE EVERY LAST NATURAL RESOURCE. CONVERT OXYGEN ATMOSPHERE TO TRICHO-DIPHOSGENE GAS FOR FULL COMBINE COLONIZATION."



"CONTINUE SURGICAL PROCEDURES ON HUMANS TO CONVERT THEM TO OBEDIENT ALIEN HYBRID SOLDIERS AND SLAVES."



"FEED REMAINING HUMANS THE HARVESTED ORGANS OF THE DEAD."

"CRUSH ALL RESISTANCE WITH NO MERCY."

"KILL ALL HUMANS WHO REBEL."



"SUBVERT. DESTROY. CRUSH. CONTROL. RULE."



OKAY! WHAT'S A GOOD TIME FOR HIM TO GIVE YOU A CALL BACK?





LET'S SEE... TV LISTINGS... LOOKS LIKE AN "I SPY" MARATHON IS ON TONIGHT...

HEY! DOCTOR BREEN!

JUST WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW I'M OFF TO NOVA PROSPEKT FOR MY COMBINE SURGERY! SEEYA!

ALSO, SOME EVIL ALIEN SLUG CALLED ABOUT SOMETHING OR OTHER. LATERS!

SECURITY? A MAN SUDDENLY APPEARED IN MY OFFICE WITH NO WARNING. AND I'M ALL BUT CERTAIN IT WAS...

GORDON FROHMAN!

...SOME IDIOT I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE.













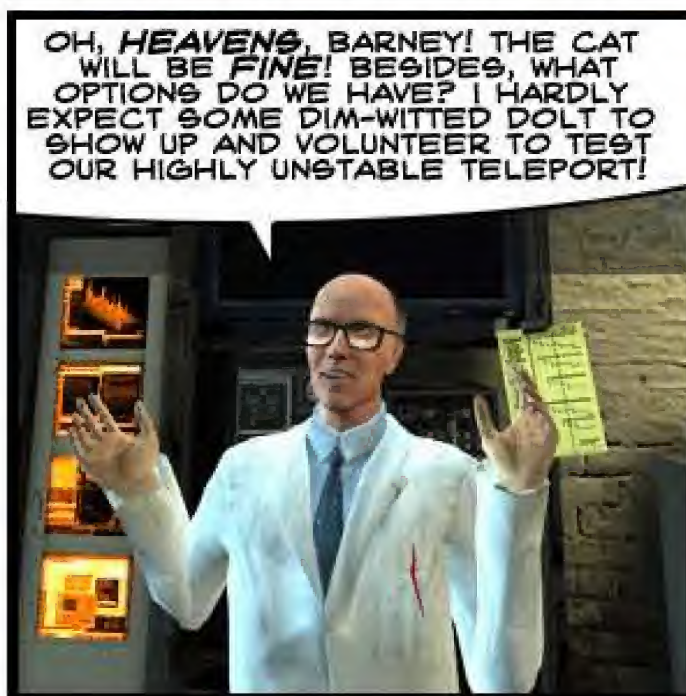








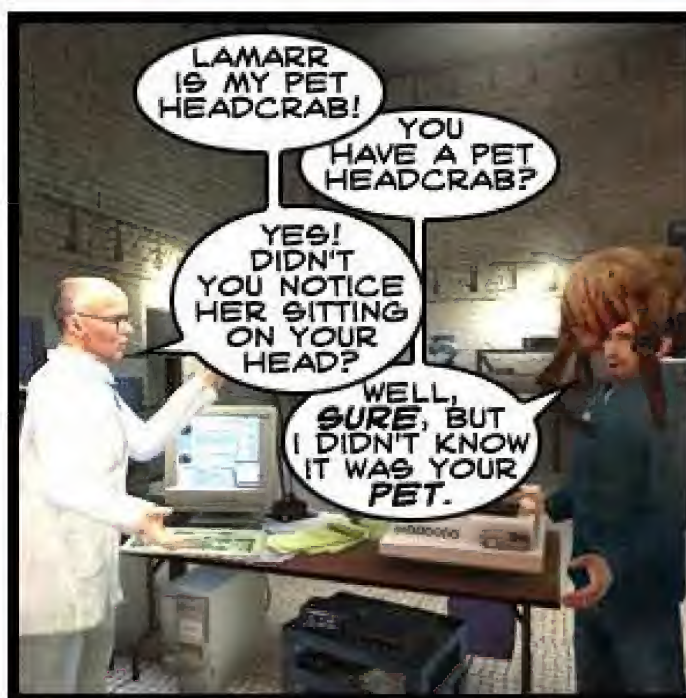




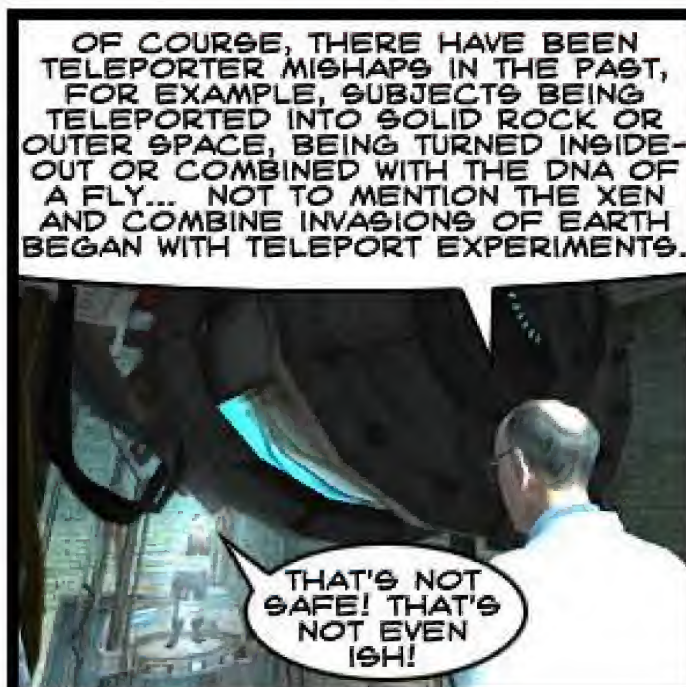




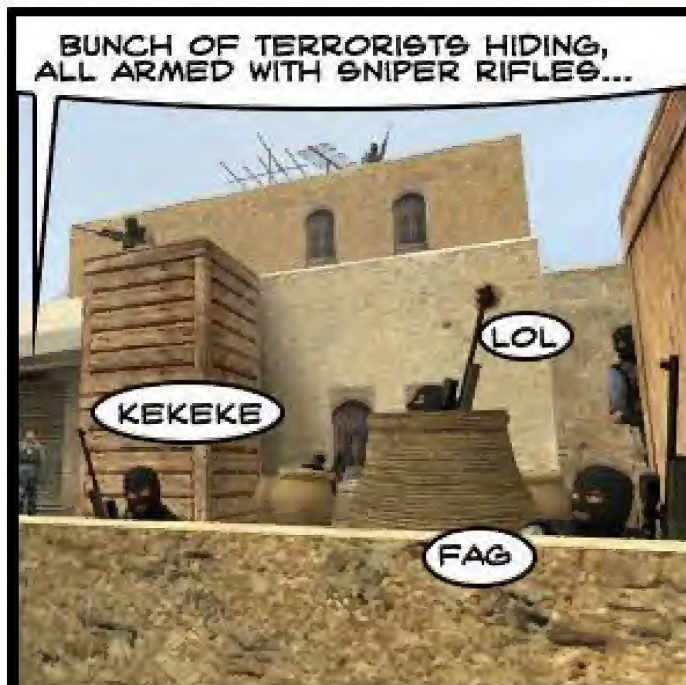




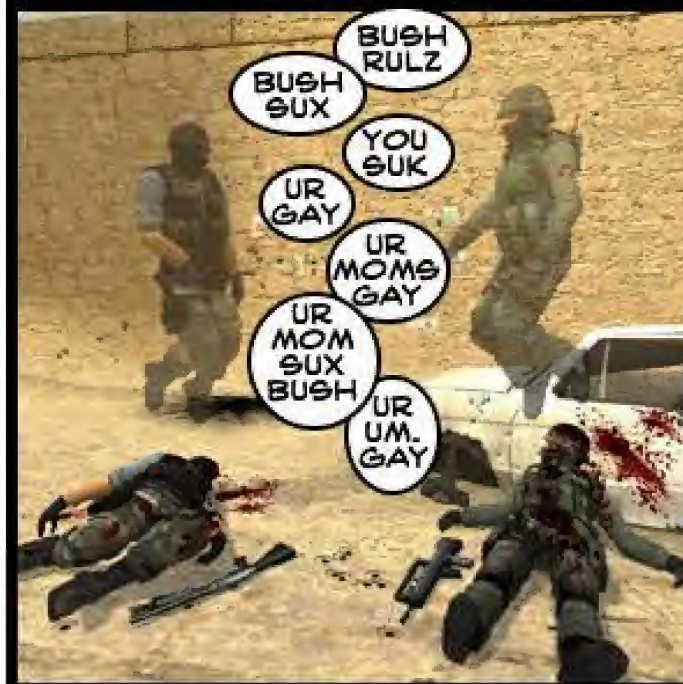




































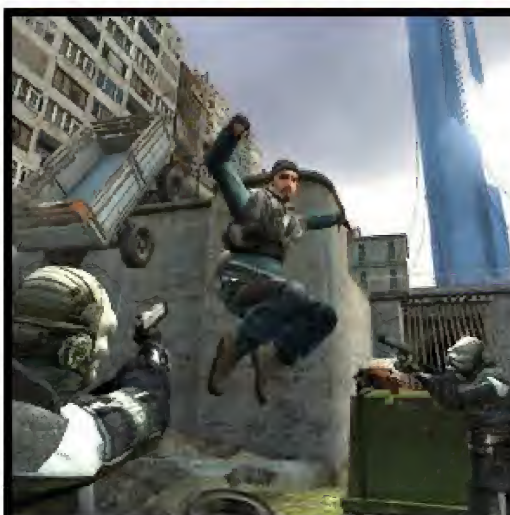
















**\*KLONK\***







SO, WHAT'S A CUTE GIRL LIKE YOU DOING IN A BLEAK, ORWELLIAN DYSTOPIA LIKE THIS?

UGH. NOT NOW, GORDON. WE'VE REACHED AN IMPASSE.



HM, THIS IS INDEED A PUZZLE.

THIS HIGH BRICK WALL IS BLOCKING THE ONLY WAY OUT OF HERE.



THERE'S A LARGE WOODEN SEE-SAW TYPE RAMP, BUT THE END FACING THE EXIT IS LYING ON THE GROUND...



AND THERE ARE SEVERAL HEAVY CINDERBLOCKS SCATTERED AROUND THE CHAMBER.



DON'T WORRY, THOUGH... I'M BETTING MY TIME SPENT IN HIGH-SCHOOL PHYSICS CLASS WILL COME IN HANDY RIGHT ABOUT NOW.



OOF. WHAT DOES THIS HAVE TO DO WITH -- OW! PHYSICS CLASS?

WELL, I PASSED BY CHEATING OFF THE CUTE GIRL NEXT TO ME.





I'D LIKE TO  
READ A LETTER  
I RECEIVED...



"DEAR DR. BREEN,  
WHY DO THE...  
**COMBINE...**  
KEEP SHOOTING  
ME? CAN YOU  
ASK THEM TO  
STOP? IT REALLY  
HURTS!"



"IT'S NOT LIKE I'M  
DOING ANYTHING  
WRONG, I'M JUST  
FLEEING THE CITY  
ILLEGALLY THROUGH  
THE CANALS, KILLING  
ANY METROCOPS  
WHO GET IN MY  
WAY. WHAT'S THE  
DEALIE, YO?"

"SIGNED, A  
CONCERNED  
CITIZEN."



"P.S. PLEASE ASK THEM TO  
STOP SHOOTING AT MY NEW  
GIRLFRIEND, SANDY, TOO."

"P.P.S: WE'RE CURRENTLY  
HIDING IN SECTOR 7-C  
IF YOU WANT TO STOP  
BY AND CHILL WITH US!"



HOW  
DO THEY  
KEEP FINDING  
US, SWEETIE?

FOR THE LAST  
TIME, I'M NOT  
YOUR GIRLFRIEND!













UM, GORDON? REMEMBER THAT TALK WE HAD ABOUT THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE FLYING ROBOTS THAT TAKE YOUR PICTURE, AND THE ONES THAT SHRED YOUR BODY WITH A BUNCH OF ROTATING BLADES?



SORTA!



WELL, WHICH KIND DO YOU THINK THIS IS?



DON'T FEEL BAD. I'M SURE YOU'LL GET IT NEXT TIME.

OW. IS ALL THIS BLOOD GONNA SHOW UP IN THE PICTURES?

OR NOT.







I HAVE TO DITCH THIS IDIOT BEFORE HE GETS ME KILLED. BUT I'VE GOT TO DO IT NICELY OR HIS FEELINGS WILL BE HURT. THINK, SANDY, THINK!



OKAY, I'LL JUST SAY, "GORDON, I THINK IT'S TIME WE SPLIT UP AND WENT OUR SEPARATE WAYS." NO, NO, I CAN'T SAY "SPLIT UP" OR HE'LL THINK WE'VE BEEN DATING ALL THIS TIME, AND THEN HE'LL CRY...



I'VE GOT IT! I'LL SAY, "GORDON, I'M JUST SLOWING YOU DOWN. WHY DON'T YOU GO ON AHEAD WITHOUT ME?" PERFECT! THAT FLATTERS HIM AND MAKES ME LOOK LIKE I CARE ABOUT HIM!



SANDY! SANDY! THERE YOU ARE! QUICK, PULL THIS PIPE OUT OF MY MIDSECTION! IT GOT STUCK THERE WHEN I ACCIDENTALLY SHOT MYSELF IN THE HIP AND THEN FELL OFF A LEDGE!



AND... THE ORNATE AXE IN YOUR HEAD?

OH, LEAVE THAT IN. IT TAKES MY MIND OFF MY BROKEN LEG.



I'M DITCHING YOU, IDIOT, BEFORE YOU GET ME KILLED.

AT LEAST I THINK IT'S BROKEN. OR DID IT ALWAYS BEND THIS WAY?





YOU WANT TO ABANDON ME? *FINE*.  
MAYBE I SHOULD SCOUT AHEAD  
FOR A SAFE PATH FOR YOU TO  
ABANDON ME ON. FOR WHEN YOU  
ABANDON ME. YOU ABANDONER.



HEH HEH. GORDON, YOU DEVIL! THIS  
SELFLESS ACT WILL NO DOUBT  
CONVINCE HER TO STAY WITH YOU!  
MAYBE EVEN MARRY YOU! HEE!



BARNAC--  
LLLGHHH!

LOOKS  
CLEAR TO  
THE EAST...



GORD--  
GKKK!

SAFE TO  
THE WEST...



WELL, I'VE  
BRAVELY SCOUTED  
AHEAD! EVERYTHING  
LOOKS SAFE  
AND--

HM.  
GUESS  
SHE SPLIT  
ALREADY.

SANDY?



AH WELL.

HER LOSS.

BURRRP.





OOH, THIS AIRBOAT COULD BE JUST THE THING I NEED TO TRAVEL THE RIVER OF TOXIC GLOP AHEAD!



GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR! I NOTICED YOU ADMIRING OUR AIRBOAT! WELL, TRUST ME, SIR, YOU DO NOT WANT THIS VEHICLE. IT'S USED, IT'S LOUD, AND IT DOESN'T COME WITH A WARRANTY. PLUS, ONLY ONE SEAT!



I CAN, HOWEVER, OFFER YOU THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT IN PERSONAL OCCUPANT-PROPELLED OPEN-AIR SEMI-BUOYANT WATERCRAFT! I'D REALLY LOVE TO SEE YOU FLOAT OUT OF HERE TODAY IN THIS BEAUTY!

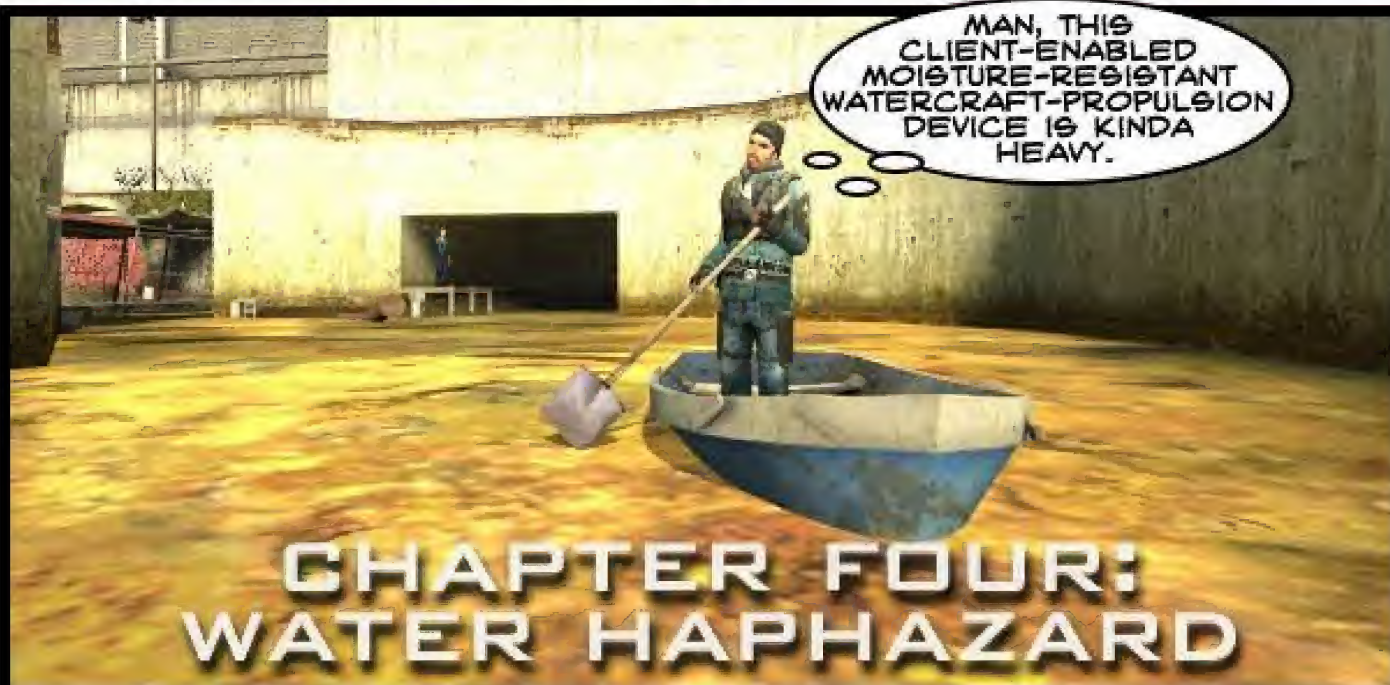


WELL, I AM A FAN OF LATEST DEVELOPMENTS... HOW DOES IT, UM... YOU KNOW... GO?

I'M GLAD YOU ASKED!



MAN, THIS CLIENT-ENABLED MOISTURE-RESISTANT WATERCRAFT-PROPULSION DEVICE IS KINDA HEAVY.



## CHAPTER FOUR: WATER HAPHAZARD







OKAY, GANG. REPORTS INDICATE THAT THERE'S A REBEL COMING DOWN THE CANALS IN A BOAT. LET'S GET READY.



RICHARD, THOMAS, PETER, I WANT YOU UP ON THE BRIDGE. WHEN HIS BOAT COMES ALONG, RAPPEL DOWN IN FRONT OF IT ON ROPES, NO MATTER HOW FAST IT'S GOING. YOU GOT THAT?



STUART, ANTHONY, KESHAWN, FIND SOME RICKETY WOODEN WALKWAYS AND GET ON TOP OF THEM. AND WHEN I SAY RICKETY, I MEAN RICKETY. THE SLIGHTEST IMPACT SHOULD BE ABLE TO COMPLETELY KNOCK THEM DOWN.



THE REST OF YOU FAN OUT AT REGULAR INTERVALS. ANY QUESTIONS?



YES, STEPHANIE?



EXPLOSIVE BARRELS... SHOULD WE CLUSTER AROUND THEM?

EXCELLENT QUESTION. YES, YES, AND YES.



TEACHER'S PET.















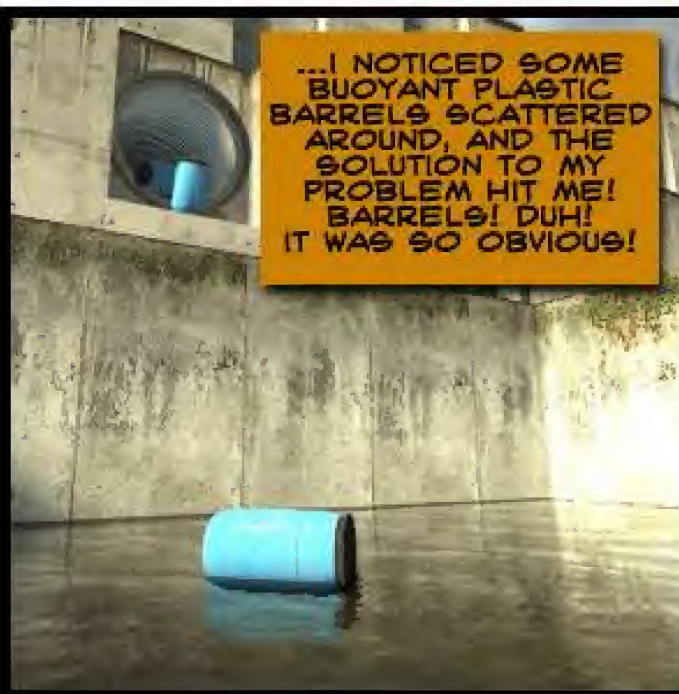
DEAR DR. BREEN,  
JUST THOUGHT I'D WRITE TO LET  
YOU KNOW I'M UP THE CREEK  
WITHOUT A PADDLE! BUT I'VE  
GOT A SHOVEL! HA HA HA!



ACTUALLY, I WANTED TO TELL YOU  
ABOUT THIS SITUATION I FOUND  
MYSELF IN. THERE WAS THIS WALL I  
NEEDED TO GET MY BOAT OVER,  
JUST PAST A RAMP IN THE WATER.  
THE RAMP WAS FLOATING TOO  
LOW FOR ME TO USE, BUT THEN...



...I NOTICED SOME  
BUOYANT PLASTIC  
BARRELS SCATTERED  
AROUND, AND THE  
SOLUTION TO MY  
PROBLEM HIT ME!  
BARRELS! DUH!  
IT WAS SO OBVIOUS!



AFTER ALL, WHO KNOWS MORE  
ABOUT BARRELS THAN ME?  
SIGNED, A CONCERNED CITIZEN.



PS. I DIDN'T MAKE IT OVER THE  
FIRST TIME, BUT MY SHOVEL FLEW  
ABOUT FOUR HUNDRED YARDS!









THAT CHOPPER PILOT BETTER THANK ME FOR PICKING UP ALL THE STUFF HE DROPPED. NOW, WHAT TO DO WITH IT? CAN'T REALLY PADDLE WITH ALL THE EXTRA WEIGHT.



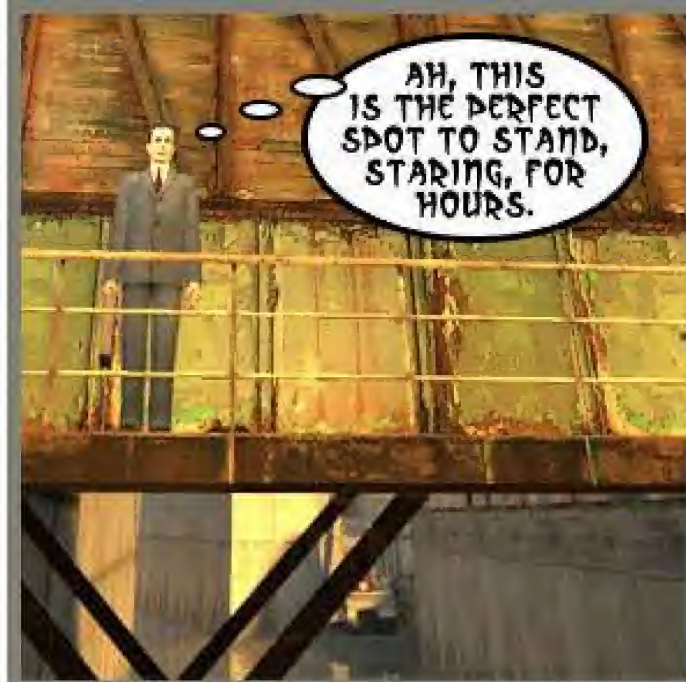
AND GAD! THAT INCESSANT BEEPING! MAKES ME FEEL LIKE MY HEAD IS GONNA JUST EXPLO--



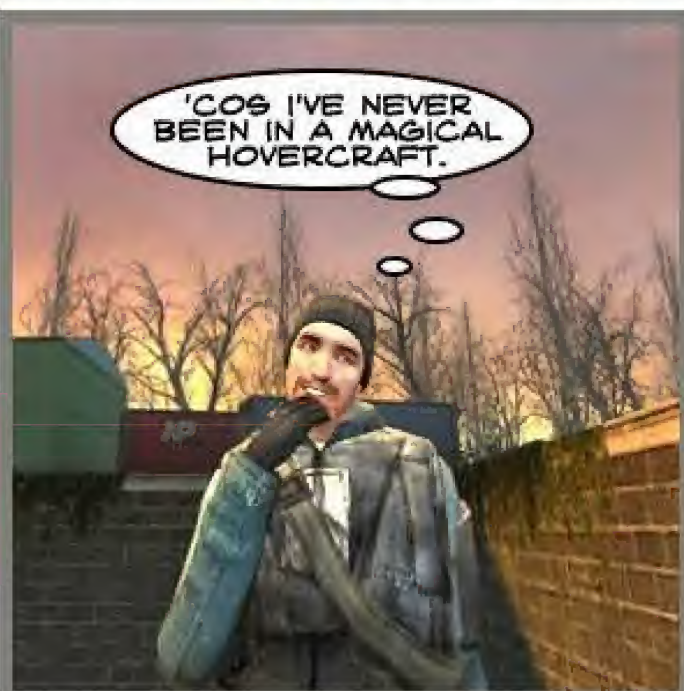
**BA-BOOSH**













THIS MAY NOT BE ENTIRELY APPROPRIATE, OFFICER XJL-0079, BUT IT SEEMS I'VE... WELL, I'VE GROWN RATHER FOND OF YOU.

PLEASE, SIR... CALL ME GERALD.



I DON'T WANT TO SHOOT THOSE COPS TO DEATH WHILE THEY'RE HAVING A MOMENT... BECAUSE I'M REALLY BORED WITH ALWAYS USING THIS PISTOL. LET'S SEE WHAT ELSE I'VE GOT IN YE OLDE INVENTORY.



MY TRADEMARK SHOVEL? KINDA MESSY.



HUH. I DON'T EVEN RECALL PICKING THIS UP.



AND WHY AM I STILL LUGGING ONE OF THESE AROUND?



GERALD? DID YOU JUST HEAR SOMETHING GO BA-BOOM?

JUST MY HEART, SIR.

JUST MY HEART.





MY STORY? IT'S NOTHING SPECIAL.

JUST A SIMPLE TALE...

OF INCREDIBLE BRAVERY...

AND UNMATCHED HEROISM...

THE COMBINE OUTNUMBERED  
ME A HUNDRED TO ONE...

SO THE ODDS WERE  
ALMOST EVEN...

ALMOST.

SOME WERE NOT STRONG  
ENOUGH FOR THE JOURNEY...

DON'T  
LEAVE ME,  
GORDON!  
I LOVE  
YOU!

YOU'RE  
JUST SLOWING  
ME DOWN,  
SANDY.

CASUALTIES OF WAR...

CASUALTIES OF LOVE.

AND UPON MY ARRIVAL HERE...

A HERO'S WELCOME.

IF YOU  
MUST.

YOU'RE  
SO BRAVE!  
LET ME KISS  
YOU! WITH MY  
MOUTH!

PLUS, SMOOCHING WITH SOME  
CHICK IN A TIGHT SWEATER.

HE JUST  
STAGGERED IN,  
CRYING AND BLEEDING,  
AND FAINTED.

NNNGHH...  
A MASSAGE,  
TOO? OKAY...  
MMMHH...

## CHAPTER FIVE: BLACK MESA GUEST







WATCHING TV? HEY, MIND IF I SWITCH OVER TO DR. BREEN'S SHOW?



THESE ARE SECURITY CAMERAS. NO OUTSIDE FEED.

AH, TOO BAD. I HAVEN'T SEEN DR. BREEN'S SHOW IN AGES. HEH, HE'S ALWAYS LIKE, "SUPPRESS YOUR INSTINCTS! OBEY!" HEH. IT'S GREAT. YOU KNOW HOW HE IS...



WHAT? WHAT? I DON'T KNOW DR. BREEN! WHO TOLD YOU I KNOW HIM? I DON'T! I'VE NEVER MET HIM! I'VE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF HIM! I DON'T SLEEP WITH A PICTURE OF HIM UNDER MY PILLOW!



OKAY, JUDITH. SLIGHT OVERREACTION THERE. WAY TOO MUCH COFFEE THIS MORNING. CALM DOWN. EASY. DID HE NOTICE? HE'S STARING. HE NOTICED! YOU BLEW IT! CRISIS, JUDITH, CRISIS!



YOU HAVE A PILLOW?

OKAY. CRISIS OVER.

DO YOU HAVE A BED, TOO? 'COS I'VE BEEN SLEEPING IN THE BATHROOM BEHIND THE TOILET!

































FROHMAN, PLEASE, YOU DON'T NEED TO APOLOGIZE. **EVERYONE** GOES THROUGH A PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT WHEN THEY GET HERE, AFTER THE OPPRESSIVE NATURE OF CITY 17.



GRANTED, **MOST** PEOPLE DON'T BUILD THEIR OWN CITADEL OUT OF CRATES IN THE MIDDLE OF TOWN...

...NOR THEIR OWN BREEN VIDEO PROPAGANDA TOWERS.

...AND STAY TUNED FOR "CITY 17'S FUNNIEST HOME VIDEOS". TONIGHT, TWENTY-TWO ARE KILLED WHEN A SLUM COLLAPSES. WELL, I THINK IT'S FUNNY, ANYWAY.



AND NO ONE HAS EVER BUILT THEIR OWN FULLY OPERATIONAL STRIDER. BUT YOU'RE MAKING PROGRESS! I MEAN, YOU NEVER ACTUALLY TURNED IT ON!

HEH, YEAH. 'COS IF I HAD, IT'D BE ALL "STOMP STOMP STOMP" AND YOU'D BE ALL "AAGGGH! HELP!" AND IT'D BE ALL "BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA" AND YOU'D BE ALL "IT'S KILLING ME!" AND IT'D BE ALL "STAB-YOU-THROUGH-CHEST-WITH-FOOT!" AND YOU'D BE ALL "OH NO I'M DEAD!" HEH HEH. THAT'D BE AWESOME.



I MEAN **BAD!** THAT'D BE **BAD!**

GOOD SAVE. BUT WE GOTTA TRIM THOSE PAUSES DOWN A BIT.







I THINK  
I'M WARMING  
UP TO THIS  
TOWN.



SURE, THE PEOPLE HERE ARE A LITTLE  
WEIRD, BUT AT LEAST NONE OF THEM  
HAVE INSISTED I COLLECT THEIR  
ESCAPED CUCCOS IN EXCHANGE FOR  
A HEART CONTAINER OR SOMETHING...  
I FRIGGIN' HATE SIDE QUESTS!



NOW, TO FIND  
A ROOM TO RENT! THE  
NEWSPAPER AD I READ AGES  
AGO -- YET REMEMBER WITH  
SURPRISING CLARITY -- SAID  
I SHOULD ASK FOR AN  
F. GRIGORI...



HEY,  
GUYS! DO  
ANY OF YOU KNOW  
SOMEONE NAMED  
**GRIGORI**? FIRST  
INITIAL--



F?



HUH! WEIRD  
HOW PEOPLE CASUALLY  
WALKING AWAY CAN LOOK  
LIKE THEY'RE FLEEING  
IN PANIC.

**SHHK-SHHK**

HUH! WEIRD  
HOW A BOUNCING  
BALL CAN SOUND LIKE  
A SHOTGUN BEING  
COCKED.















WELL, GREAT GOING, FROHMAN. YOU BUILT A BUNCH OF DEADLY TRAPS IN OUR PEACEFUL TOWN. YOU'VE TURNED RAVENHOLM INTO SOME SORT OF... OF...



TRAPTOWN!

LAZLO AND I ARE GONNA TAKE OUR CHANCES ON THE COAST. JUST TELL US HOW TO GET OUT OF TOWN SAFELY. ARE THERE ANY CARS POISED TO DROP ON US IF WE GO THIS WAY?



HOW ABOUT THIS WAY?

NOPE! NO CARS.

SO IT'S SAFE?

DEPENDS.

ON?



MMMIGHT BE A FEW.



WELL, WOULD YOU DESCRIBE YOURSELF AS **COMPLETELY** FIRE RESISTANT...

...OR JUST **EXTREMELY** FIRE RESISTANT?



MY GOD. YOU... YOU'RE WORSE THAN THE **COMBINE**.

OH! THAT IS **SO** SWEET!

FIRE RESISTANT? I CAN'T EVEN HAVE SALSAS!









DEAR DR. BREEN,

WHAT'S NEW? THOUGHT I'D LET YOU  
KNOW I MADE IT TO RAVENHOLM!  
(I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN WORRIED.)



IN CASE YOU DIDN'T KNOW,  
RAVENHOLM IS A QUIET LITTLE  
TOWN COMPLETELY HIDDEN  
FROM THE COMBINE! I KNOW  
IT SOUNDS WEIRD, BUT IT'S  
ACTUALLY PRETTY NICE HERE!



AFTER A FEW MISUNDERSTANDINGS  
WITH THE LOCALS, I'M FINALLY  
STARTING TO FIT IN. I'VE EVEN  
STARTED DRESSING LIKE THEM!



MY LANDLORD IS A BIT WEIRD, BUT  
HE'S LETTING ME DO OFFICE WORK  
IN EXCHANGE FOR LIVING RENT-FREE.



YOU  
ORDERED  
HOW MANY GIANT  
CIRCULAR SAW  
BLADES?

RELAX.  
SOMEONE'LL  
USE 'EM.

ANYHOO, JUST WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW  
HOW GREAT THINGS ARE GOING! I'M  
VERY HAPPY AND CAN'T IMAGINE  
ANYTHING EVER CHANGING THAT, EVER.



SIGNED,  
A COMPLETELY  
UNCONCERNED CITIZEN

BOMB  
THE SHIT  
OUT OF  
THEM.

DONE AND DONE!

















































SO, A COUPLE COMBINE SNIPERS ARE GUARDING THE TRAINYARDS, EH? WELL, THANKS TO THAT ARTICLE I READ IN "PC GAME INHABITANT" MAGAZINE, I KNOW SEVERAL WAYS OF DEALING WITH SNIPERS...



#1: DISTRACTION! WHILE BEHIND COVER, HOLD OUT AN OBJECT TO DRAW THEIR FIRE. ONCE THEY WASTE A BULLET, RUN BEFORE THEY CHAMBER ANOTHER!



#2: EVASION! RUN, JUMP, AND WHILE JUMPING, CROUCH IN MID-AIR! REPEAT!



#3: PATIENCE! OUT-LAST 'EM! THEY'LL EVENTUALLY GET BORED AND LEAVE, OR DIE OF NATURAL CAUSES!



#4: TRICKERY! THERE'S NOTHING MORE SATISFYING THAN OUTSMARTING YOUR OPPONENT!



#5: DISGUISE! OR, AS I LIKE TO CALL IT, "CARDBOARD GEAR SOLID!"





I THINK I'LL JUST GO WITH THE CLASSIC "GRENADE IN THE NEST" METHOD FOR THIS ONE, THOUGH...



SWISH!



HM.  
THAT'S  
ODD.



HEY!  
WHERE'S THE  
BOOM AND YOUR  
CORPSE ALL  
FLOPPING  
OUT?

WELL, IT HELPS  
IF YOU PULL THE  
PIN FIRST, GENIUS.

OH, I'M SO  
EMBARRASSED.



THAT  
WAS KINDA  
MY LAST GRENADE,  
TOO... ANY CHANCE I  
COULD HAVE IT  
BACK?

I DON'T  
SEE WHY  
NOT.



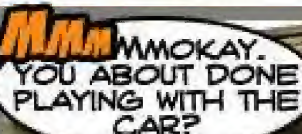
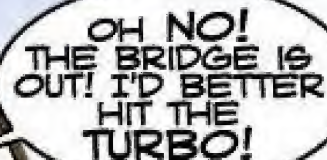
HA! NOW,  
THIS TIME I'LL...  
WAIT, THERE *IS*  
NO PIN IN THIS  
GRENADE.

MY MISTAKE.





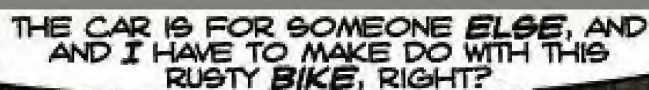
**VRRRRMMM**



I GUESS.  
THANKS FOR MAKING  
THE COOL SOUND  
EFFECTS.

NOW, I  
CAN'T GIVE YOU  
THE KEYS TO THIS  
CAR, BUT I DO  
HAVE SOME YE

YEAH,  
YEAH. I KNOW  
THE DRILL BY  
NOW.

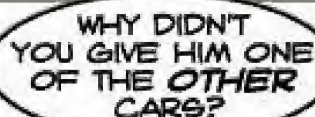


NO,  
YOU—

WHAT'S  
THE MATTER?  
COULDN'T FIND  
A POGO  
STICK?

LOOK,  
I'VE--

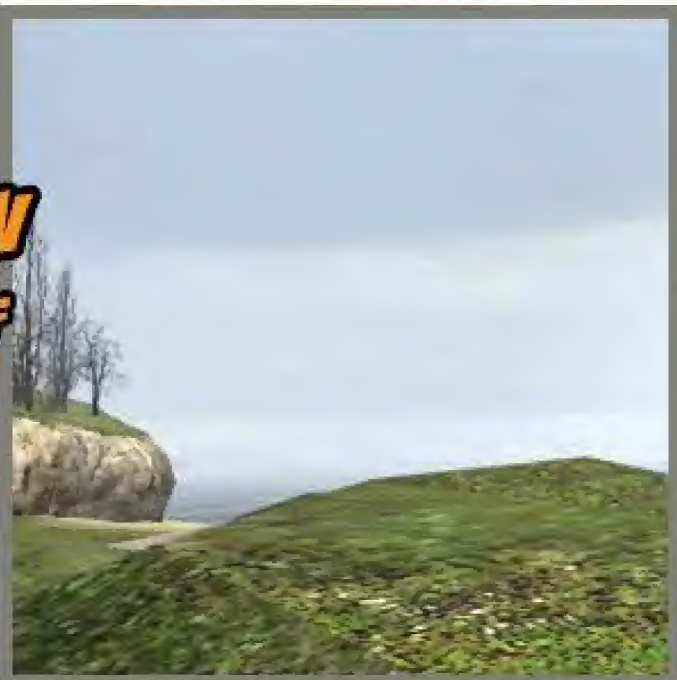
FORGET  
IT! I DON'T  
NEED A STUPID  
CAR!



HEY. I TRIED.

## CHAPTER SEVEN: BIKE LANE 17









# CONCERNED-ISH

a **concerned** remix guest week special

#103 (1 OF 3)

by Greg Galcik - [spinnwebe.com](http://spinnwebe.com)





THEY GAVE HIM TWO LEVELS JUST FOR BEING THE RIGHT LUCKY BASTARD IN THE WRONG PLACE. AND HE PRACTICALLY **BRAGS** ABOUT IT.

OVER HIS HEAD THIS TIME, THOUGH. GONNA CRASH AND BURN, I'M TELLING YOU.  
KNOCK ON WOOD.

UH...AND WHO'S TWELVE, NOW?

HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY MISS A NAME LIKE "TWELVE"? I SWEAR TO **GOD** IF YOU GET ANY DUMBER I'M GONNA THROW YOU INTO ORBIT.

OKAY!  
SORRY!  
GEEZ!

HE'S THE ONE WHO HANGS OUT NEAR COPIERS AND IN EMPTY MEETING ROOMS AND THINGS...AND WHEN YOU SHOW UP, HE SMIRKS LIKE HE WAS EXPECTING YOU, THEN WALKS AWAY WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING.

CREEPY DORK.  
VOICE PROBLEM.

MM...DOESN'T RING A BELL...

OH COME ON. HE'S THE...HE...

IT SEEMS YOUR DIVISION HAS OOVER-EXTENDED, ITSELF?  
I'M AFRAID WE'LL...  
SCCKKKKKRRRKT...  
HAVE TO RE-VIEW YOURRR BUDGET FOR NEXT QUARTERRR.

OH, HIM!



YEAH. HIM. I AM *SURE* HE'S THE ONE WHO'S BEEN TAKING MY LUNCH, BUT I CAN'T PROVE IT. OF COURSE.

...

WELL, *DAMN*...

SPEAK OF THE *DEVIL*!  
THERE HE IS NOW.

HE'S AT THE CAMP TALKING TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BRIXBY-WEATHERTON-SMYTHE SAINTJAMES-ON-THE-MOORS-CRUMPETS-FOXTROT-CHESTERFIELD-WHATEVER.

WHO'S TALKING TO IT?

TWELVE. TRY TO KEEP UP.

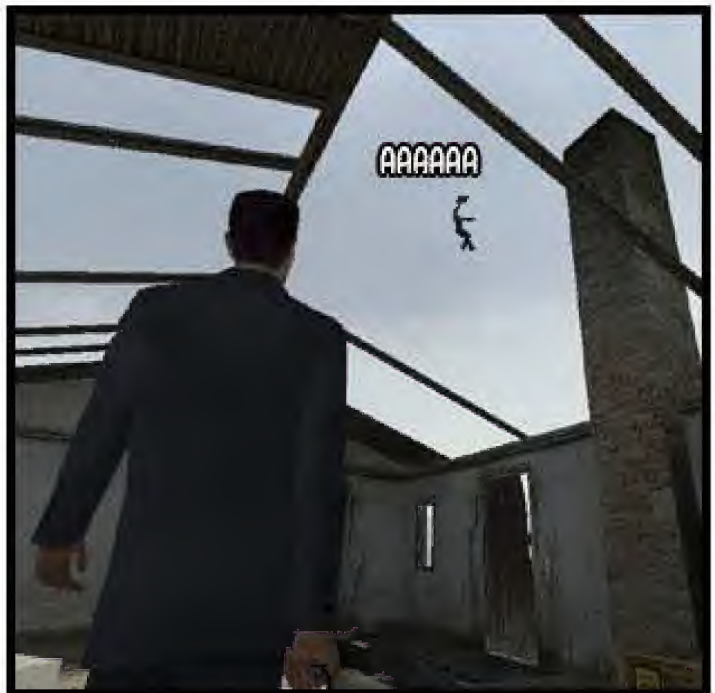
TWELVE IS HERE?  
NOW?

YES...

DID HE BRING HIS  
MAGICAL  
HOVERCRAFT?

I HEARD HE HAS A  
MAGICAL HOVERCRAFT!











DEAR DR. BREEN,  
SORRY I HAVEN'T WRITTEN YOU IN  
ALMOST TWO WHOLE DAYS! I'M  
SURE YOU'VE BEEN WORRIED.



I'VE DECIDED NOT TO LIVE IN  
RAVENHOLM. THE DAILY COMMUTE  
TO CITY 17 WOULD BE A BEAR.  
PLUS, I REALLY DIDN'T CARE  
FOR THE NIGHT LIFE.



ANYWAY, I REALIZED THAT ONCE I  
GET MY COMBINE SURGERY DONE  
AT NOVA PROSPEKT, I CAN JUST  
LIVE IN THE CITADEL, RIGHT?



IF I'D THOUGHT ABOUT THAT  
SOONER, I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD  
TO GO TO RAVENHOLM AT ALL!



BY THE WAY, ANY PLANS TO DO  
SOME RE-PAVING OUT HERE? THE  
ROADS ARE REALLY BUMPY!



PS: SOME ROAD  
SIGNS WOULD  
BE NICE, TOO.



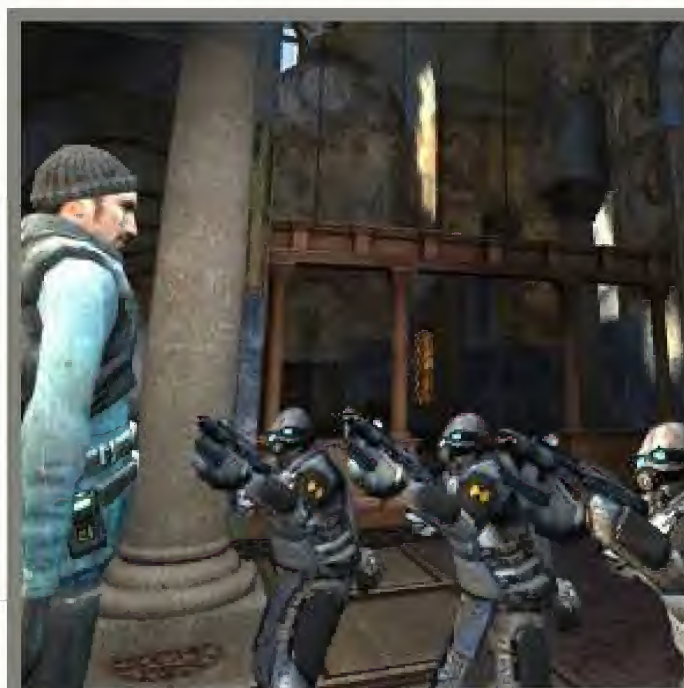
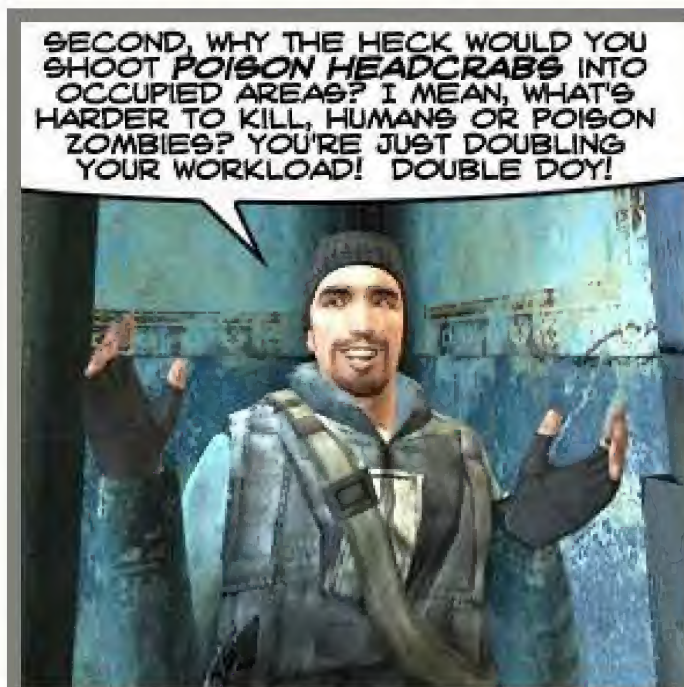
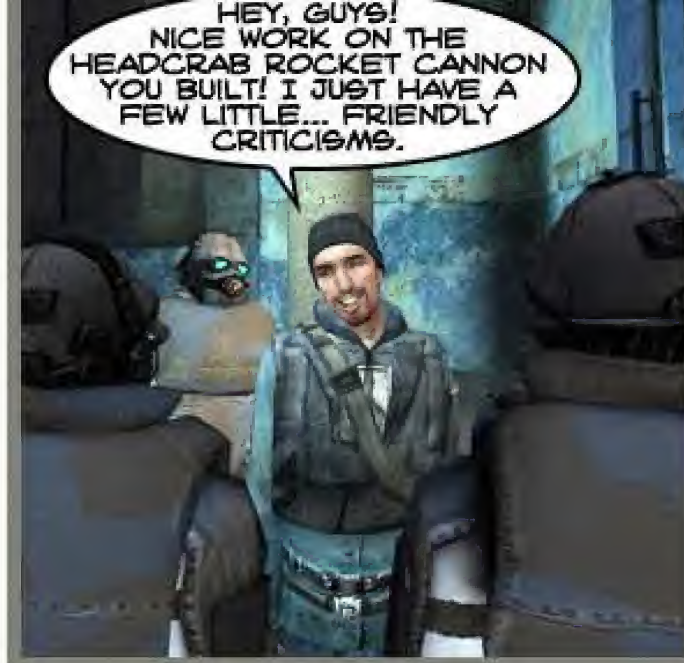
















SIGH.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, PHIL?

OH, I DON'T KNOW, ROY.



YOU EVER FEEL LIKE... THERE'S GOT TO BE MORE TO LIFE? OR LIKE YOU'RE JUST GOING IN CIRCLES?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



I MEAN, LOOK. WE'VE TAKEN THESE GUYS HOSTAGE. AGAIN. AND IN A FEW MOMENTS WE'LL HAVE A SHOOTOUT WITH A SWAT TEAM. AGAIN. THEN, FIVE MINUTES OR SO LATER, WE'LL BE DOING IT ALL OVER. AGAIN!

WELL, WHAT ELSE WOULD WE DO?



WE COULD ISSUE RANSOM DEMANDS! OR ASK FOR SAFE PASSAGE TO THE AIRPORT! RELEASE A SINGLE HOSTAGE AS AN ACT OF GOOD WILL! BUT WE NEVER DO! JUST ONCE, I WANT TO DO SOMETHING NEW! SOMETHING DIFFERENT!



WELL, THAT WAS DIFFERENT.

I'M OKAY! I LANDED ON A SOFA AND A PERSON!



CRASH!

WAAGH!

THWAM!

AIEE!

ARRRGH!





DEAR LORD...

TODAY...  
A HOSTAGE  
HAS BEEN  
RESCUED...

...INTO  
HEAVEN.



WE GATHER HERE  
TO MOURN THE PASSING OF  
ASIAN HOSTAGE, TAKEN FROM  
US IN A FAIRLY RIDICULOUS  
YET STILL TRAGIC  
ACCIDENT.

WOULD  
ANYONE LIKE  
TO SAY A FEW  
WORDS?

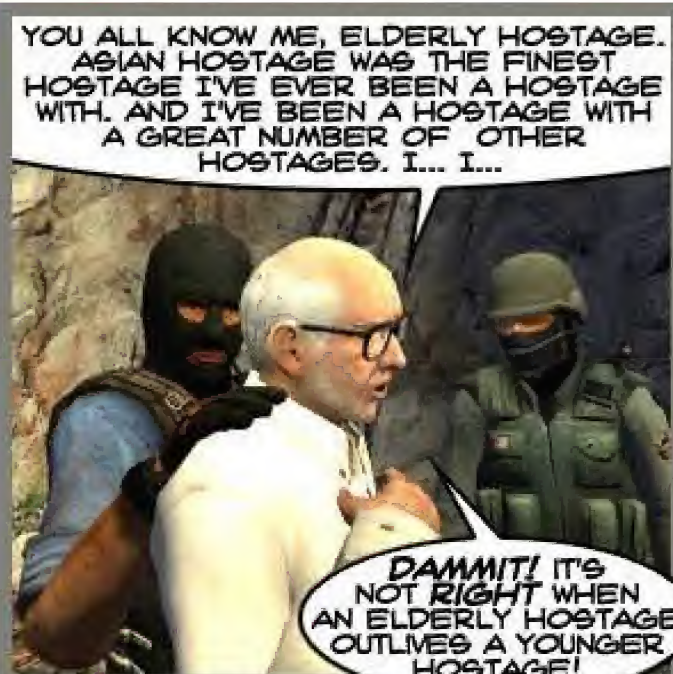


HE WAS  
A GREAT  
HOSTAGE.

WHEN  
HE'D SAY "LET'S  
GET OUT OF HERE"  
YOU'D REALLY  
FEEL IT.

YOU  
REALLY WANTED  
TO GET HIM OUT  
OF THERE, YOU  
KNOW?

AND HIS  
PATHFINDING  
WAS ABOVE  
AVERAGE.



YOU ALL KNOW ME, ELDERLY HOSTAGE.  
ASIAN HOSTAGE WAS THE FINEST  
HOSTAGE I'VE EVER BEEN A HOSTAGE  
WITH. AND I'VE BEEN A HOSTAGE WITH  
A GREAT NUMBER OF OTHER  
HOSTAGES. I... I...

DAMMIT! IT'S  
NOT RIGHT WHEN  
AN ELDERLY HOSTAGE  
OUTLIVES A YOUNGER  
HOSTAGE!



I'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAY I MET HIM.  
IT WAS TODAY. ABOUT A MINUTE AGO,  
WHEN MY HEAD COLLIDED WITH HIS  
NECK, BREAKING IT. HIS NECK, I MEAN.  
NOT MY HEAD. MY HEAD IS FINE, NOT  
THAT ANYONE ASKED.

ANYWAY. HE  
SEEMED LIKE A  
GREAT GUY WITH A LOT  
OF STRONG TRAITS. EXCEPT  
FOR HIS NECK, WHICH  
WAS AS BRITTLE AS  
GLASS. AMEN.



WHY, GOD?!  
HE HAD SO MUCH  
TO LIVE FOR! HE'D  
JUST LEARNED HOW  
TO OPEN DOORS,  
FOR PETE'S  
SAKE!

THERE,  
THERE. WE'LL SEE  
HIM AGAIN IN THE  
NEXT LIFE.

OR, YOU  
KNOW, THE NEXT  
ROUND.



























CHECK OUT THIS COOL BIKE I FOUND! SINCE I OUTRANK YOU, I GET TO RIDE IT FIRST.

WEREN'T WE SUPPOSED TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A REBEL RIDING AN ORANGE BICYCLE?

I DON'T LISTEN TO RADIO REPORTS. I OUTRANK YOU, SO I MAKE YOU DO IT FOR ME, REMEMBER?

WELL, LAST I HEARD, THE CHURCH OUTPOST SHOT THE GUY AND HIS BIKE OUT OF THEIR CANNON. BUT THEY THINK HE MIGHT STILL BE ALIVE, AND WE--

DO YOU HEAR THAT? SOUNDS LIKE A CRANE SWINGING A GIANT MAGNET IN OUR GENERAL DIRECTION.

I'D LIKE TO POINT OUT THAT I OUTRANK YOU. NOW, CONTINUE.

SINCE I OUTRANK YOU, I ORDER YOU TO TURN AROUND AND LOOK.

WELL?

UH.

OOH, SORRY. I WAS AIMING FOR THE BIKE. ARE YOU GUYS OKAY?

WELL, HE'S DEAD. ON THE PLUS SIDE, I THINK YOU JUST PROMOTED ME.









THERE HAS BEEN SOME REBEL ACTIVITY IN THIS SECTOR, SO I WANT YOU TO REPORT ANYTHING UNUSUAL, NO MATTER HOW MINOR IT MIGHT BE.



HI, FELLOW COMBINE SOLDIERS! I'M GORDON FROHMAN! ER. I'M...

GORDON... COMBINE... SOLDIER... FROHMAN.



HEY, DID YOU FIND THE DEAD NAKED SOLDIER UP THE ROAD? IF SO, I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT AND THE TIRE TRACK ACROSS HIS GROIN ISN'T FROM MY BIKE. PLUS HE WAS ALREADY DEAD WHEN I RAN OVER HIM.

AT ANY RATE, I'M DEFINITELY NOT A REBEL IN A COMBINE UNIFORM, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE ACCUSING ME OF!



AGGH! A REBEL-DETECTING ROLLERMINE!

LEAVE MY BIKE ALONE! IT WAS A GIFT FROM THE REBELS!



HA-HAH! I BET YOU'LL THINK TWICE NEXT TIME YOU ATTACK A REBEL WHO'S GOT A SHOVEL!

SO... ANYTHING UNUSUAL? NO MATTER HOW MINOR?

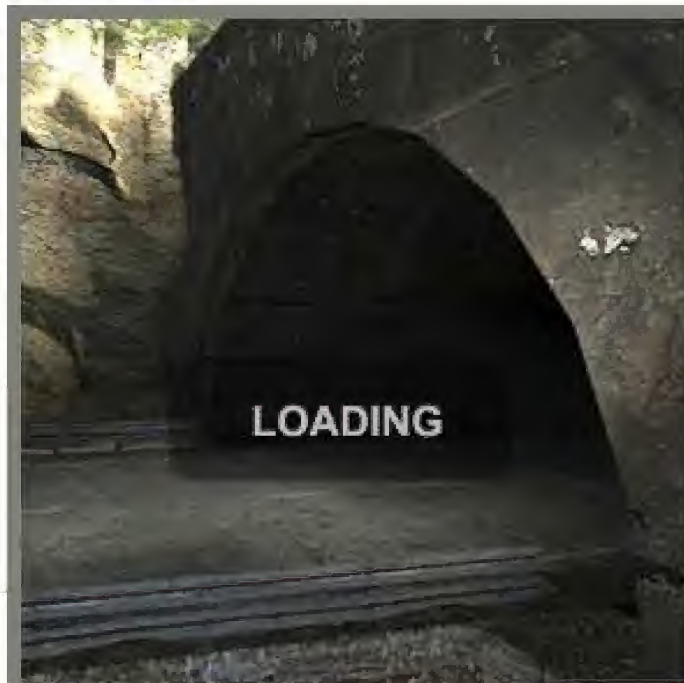
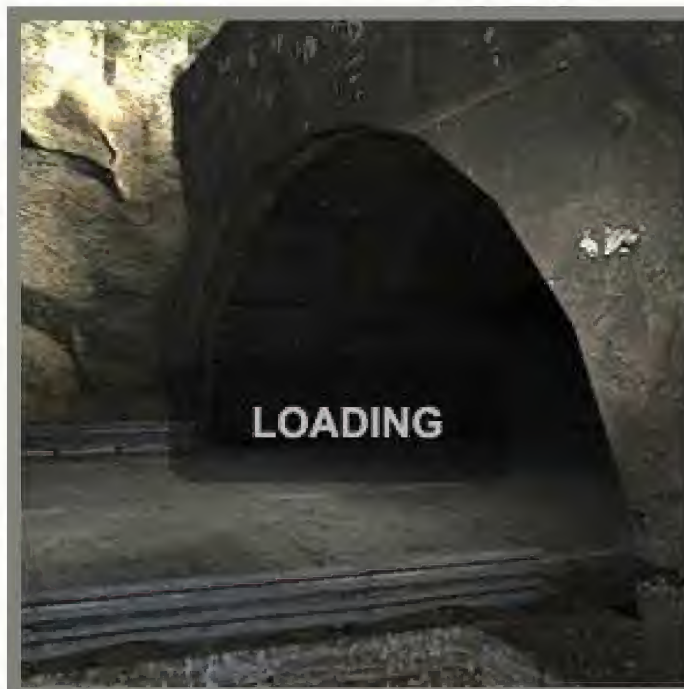


AND WHAT IF IT'S TOTALLY MAJOR?

THEN REPORT IT TO GORDON COMBINE SOLDIER FROHMAN. HE SEEMS TO KNOW A LOT ABOUT REBELS.

AGGH! IT'S GOT A FRIEND!







OKAY, OUT OF THE TRUCK.  
TIME FOR A FOOT PATROL  
ACROSS THE BRIDGE.

UNIT XL95-9, COME  
WITH ME ACROSS THE  
FLAT, SAFE SURFACE  
THAT HOLDS NO  
DANGERS AT ALL.

COMBINE FROHMAN,  
YOU PATROL THE  
RICKETY, HAZARDOUS  
UNDERBELLY. TRY NOT TO  
FALL TO YOUR DEATH.

FINE, COME WITH US.  
JUST WALK THROUGH  
THIS INHIBITOR FIELD  
THAT PREVENTS ANY  
NON-COMBINE, OR,  
SAY, FAKE-COMBINE,  
FROM PASSING.

HEY,  
WHY CAN'T  
I WALK ON  
THE TOP  
PART?

FZZUMP

FZZZAP

I HATE  
BEING A FAKE  
COMBINE.



GREAT. I CLIMB *UNDER* THE WHOLE STUPID BRIDGE TO GET TO THE CONTROLS TO THE BLUE FIZZY WALL ON *TOP* OF THE BRIDGE, AND WHAT DO I FIND? *ANOTHER* BLUE FIZZY WALL BLOCKING THE CONTROLS TO THE *ORIGINAL* BLUE FIZZY WALL!



WELL, I'LL JUST SIT HERE UNTIL SOMEONE COMES ALONG AND UNPLUGS IT.



SIGH.

IF ONLY I HAD THE GRAVITY GUN, I COULD YANK THAT PLUG OUT! BUT NO, INSTEAD OF A COOL DEVICE THAT CAN LIFT AND MANIPULATE OBJECTS, ALL I HAVE ARE MY STUPID HANDS.



I SWEAR, SOME DAYS MY LIFE FEELS LIKE SOMEONE PUT A BUNCH OF OBSTACLES IN MY PATH JUST TO SEE IF I CAN FIND SOLUTIONS TO THEM.

WONDER WHAT THE NEXT ONE WILL BE!





SO, A SOLDIER DEACTIVATES THE BRIDGE ACCESS FIELDS, SAYING HE DOESN'T LIKE TO WALK THROUGH THEM BECAUSE... WHY, EXACTLY?

HE SAID THEY BOTHER HIS SINUSES.

AND THEN YOU LET HIM LEAVE BECAUSE... WHY, AGAIN?

HE SAID HE HAD A DENTIST APPOINTMENT.

AND YOU BELIEVED HIM, DESPITE THE FACT OUR TEETH AND SINUSES WERE REMOVED DURING COMBINE SURGERY.

I ASKED HIM ABOUT THAT! HE SAID HE HAD THEM LEAVE HIS IN BECAUSE HE REALLY LOVES TO CHEW GUM AND... SMELL STUFF.

MAN. WHAT'S YOUR NEURAL IMPLANT MADE OF, SCRAP METAL FROM A PILE OF DOORKNOBS? YOU GOT DUPED BY A REBEL IN A COMBINE SUIT.

HEE  
HEE!

GO TO FULL  
ALERT.

I WANT TWO APCs TOPSIDE WITH FULL CREWS AND TWO MEN ON EACH GUARD TOWER. EVERYONE ELSE SPREAD OUT UNDER THE BRIDGE. AND WHERE THE HECK IS BRUCE?

RIGHT  
HERE,  
BOSS.

HI, BRUCE. I WANT YOU TO FLY AROUND AND SHOOT ANYTHING THAT MOVES, OKAY?

CAN I  
MAKE SCARY  
MECHANICAL  
NOISES,  
TOO?

UH. SURE.

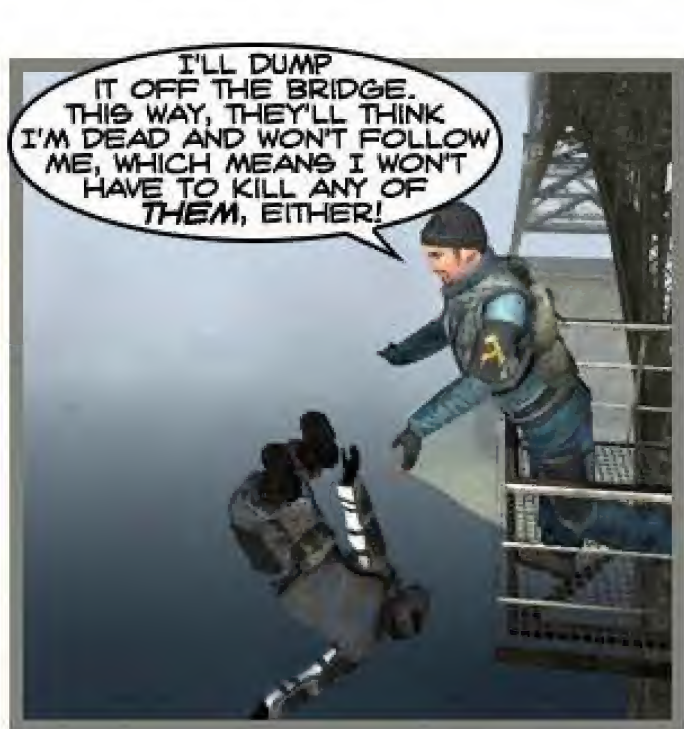
COOL!  
I'VE GOT  
SOME NEW ONES,  
WANNA HEAR  
'em?

SIGH.  
FINE.

URRR-GALOOOGA!  
URRR-GALOOOGA!

TERRIFYING.



















CAN WE GO PLAY ON TOP OF THE  
LIGHTHOUSE? CAN WE? CAN WE?  
HUH? HUH? CAN WE? HUH?



HMPH.  
WHATEVER. SURE.  
*FINE.*

BOY,  
YOU SEEM  
UNHAPPY.



WELL,  
I SPENT THE  
MORNING LUGGING A  
CHEST OF INFINITE ROCKETS  
UP THESE STAIRS. DO YOU  
HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT  
THOSE THINGS  
*WEIGH?*

I DON'T  
HAVE ANY IDEA  
ABOUT A LOT OF  
THINGS.



PLUS,  
JUST HAVING  
THIS DAMN THING UP  
HERE GUARANTEES US  
A MASSIVE AERIAL  
ATTACK.

HOW  
DO YOU  
FIGURE?



LET ME PUT IT THIS WAY. IF YOU COME  
ACROSS A ROOM FULL OF WOODEN  
CRATES, WHAT ALWAYS HAPPENS?

I HAVE TO  
DO A JUMPING  
PUZZLE?



AND IF  
YOU COME ACROSS  
A HUGE CACHE OF AMMO,  
WEAPONS, HEALTH PACKS,  
AND ARMOR CHARGERS,  
WHAT DOES *THAT*  
MEAN?

THAT  
I'M ABOUT TO  
GET MY ASS  
KICKED?



BINGO.  
SAME BASIC  
PREMISE.



**WISH YOU  
WERE HERE!**



DEAR DR. BREEN,

I BOUGHT THIS POSTCARD IN  
THE LIGHTHOUSE GIFT SHOP  
AND HAD TO SEND IT TO YOU!  
(THEY ALSO HAD GRENADES.)

I'M REALLY HOMESICK FOR  
CITY 17 BUT I'M ALMOST TO  
NOVA PROSPEKT NOW. HOPE  
YOU DIDN'T GIVE MY JOB  
TO SOMEONE ELSE (HA-HA!)

THERE ARE NO TV'S HERE SO  
I CAN'T WATCH YOUR SHOW...  
HOPE I'M NOT MISSING ANY-  
THING GOOD! I'D EVEN SETTLE  
FOR A RERUN, LIKE THAT  
ONE WHERE YOU TALK ABOUT  
WHY IT'S A GOOD THING THAT  
YOU COLLABORATED WITH THE  
ALIENS TRYING TO EXTINGUISH  
THE HUMAN RACE. GREAT STUFF!

WELL, I'M ABOUT OUT OF  
ROOM! TTYL!

-A CONCERNED CITIZEN

PS: WHAT'S A LUNGFISH? SOUNDS GROSS!



WALLACE "WALLY" BREEN

TOP OF THE CITADEL

CITY 17

WHATEVER COUNTRY  
THIS IS







HEY. HEY! IT'S THAT WEIRD CREEPY GUY WHO'S ALWAYS FOLLOWING ME AROUND! QUICK, LOOK! LOOK!



WHAT? WHO? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

AW, YOU MISSED HIM.



HE WAS RIGHT OVER HERE, I SWEAR!

SURE HE WAS.

HA!  
A PERFECTLY EXECUTED G-DEED!  
I HAVE GOT IT GOING ON TODAY!



NOW I CAN JUST STROLL AWAY AT MY LEISURE AND GRAB A TACO.



HM?  
SOMETHING UNDER THE...

...SAND?



ARE YOU CALLING ME A LIAR?

NO, JUST AN IDIOT.

WELL, TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME, LIAR!

IDIOT.

I KNOW YOU ARE BUT WHAT AM I?

AN IDIOT.

OOH, NICELY DONE! YOU WIN THIS ROUND!





FROHMAN, DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHY THE ANTLIONS ARE SO CRAZY LATELY? THEY'RE NORMALLY FAIRLY DOCILE CREATURES.



BOY, IT SEEMS LIKE IT HAPPENED AN HOUR AGO... PROBABLY BECAUSE IT HAPPENED AN HOUR AGO.



ANTLIONS! SURE AM GLAD I'VE GOT THIS GAUSS GUN MOUNTED ON MY HANDLEBARS!



**RING RING!**  
**RING RING!**

THAT'S NOT A GAUSS GUN!

THAT'S NOT A GAUSS GUN AT ALL!



UHH. FROHMAN?

IF YOU'RE HAVING A FLASHBACK YOU'VE GOT TO NARRATE IT FOR US.

WE CAN'T JUST SEE IT IN YOUR HEAD.

I... I DON'T THINK HE CAN HEAR ME.



HA! STUPID BUGS! I CAN STILL RUN YOU OVER!

WAY TO BE FAIRLY DOCILE, SUCKERS!

SO, WHY DO YOU THINK THE ANTLIONS GOT SO AGGRESSIVE, LASZLO?

WE MAY NEVER KNOW.





OKAY. I'VE DETERMINED THAT WALKING ON THE SAND WILL MAKE THE ANTLIONS ATTACK. HOWEVER, IF WE WALK ON OBJECTS ON TOP OF THE SAND...



...THEY'LL BE NONE THE WISER. SO, WE'LL JUST JUMP FROM OBJECT TO OBJECT TO GET PAST THEM SAFELY!

THAT'S BRILLIANT! YOU TRULY ARE THE BRIGHTEST MIND OF YOUR GENERATION!

JUMP? PFFT!



JUMPING PUZZLES ARE FOR EFFEMINATE ITALIAN PLUMBERS! I'VE ATTACHED WOODEN BOARDS TO MY BOOTS! NOW I CAN WALK RIGHT THROUGH THIS LEVEL. MAMMA MIA, I'M CLEVER!



WHY DON'T YOU DORKS JUST WAIT HERE. I'LL LOOK FOR SOME BOARDS FOR YOU.

ARRRRGH!

EEYAAAGH!

AIEEEEEEE!



WHAT IS IT, FROHMAN? ANTLIONS?

NO, IT'S NOT THAT.



I'M JUST THINKING NAILING THE BOARDS ON WAS A BAD IDEA.

AND NOT TAKING MY BOOTS OFF FIRST WAS A WORSE ONE.

MAN. I GOTTA LAY OFF THE MUSHROOMS.



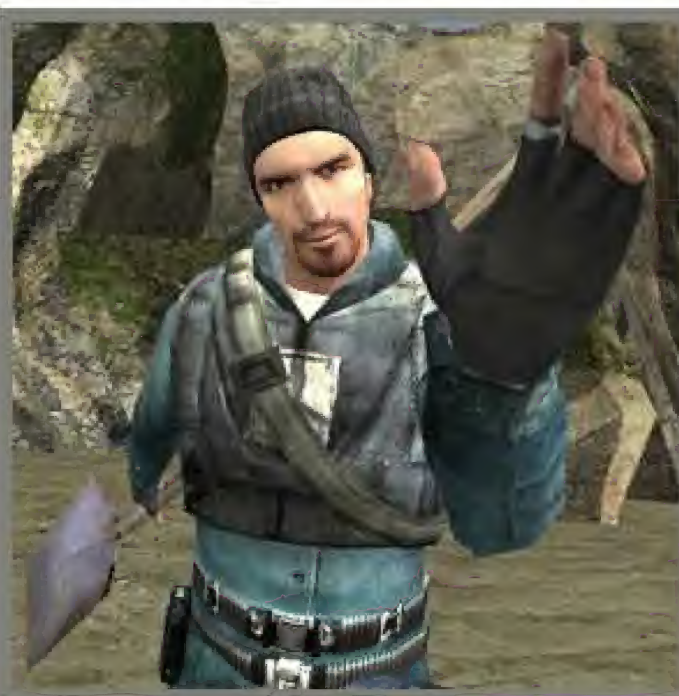


















THE FROH-MAN WILL DO WISE TO CAREFULLY PERFORM THE EXTRACTION OF THE MYRMIDONT'S AROMATIC PHEROPODS.



THE PROCESS IS NOT ENTIRELY HYGIENIC.



WHAT THE HELL DID HE JUST SAY?



HE SAID IF YOU WANT TO CONTROL THE ANTLIONS, ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVES, BECAUSE YOU'RE GONNA BE ELBOW-DEEP IN THAT DEAD BUG'S GUTS, ROOTING AROUND UNTIL YOU FIND A SOFTBALL-SIZED SACK OF PUS THAT SMELLS LIKE MYRMIDONT CROTCH.



NO, SERIOUSLY, WHAT DID HE SAY?

HERE'S A WET-NAP. HAVE FUN!









# BEHIND THE COMIC

**CONCERNED**  
the half-life and death of gordon frohman

TODAY WE VISIT THE SET OF THE HIT COMIC, CONCERNED.

WE ARRIVED AT THE DESK OF CONCERNED CREATOR, CHRIS LIVINGSTON...



WHO MUST BE AT AN IMPORTANT MEETING, OR PERHAPS A BAR

MEANWHILE, ON THE SET, A DIRECTOR GIVES THE CAST DIRECTIONS FOR THE SCENE



THE FROHMAN WILL CROSS TO STAGE LEFT AND GIVE THE SHOVEL **PAF**  
**PAF PAF PAF**  
SIGH...

AND DOG PLAYS WITH ONE OF THE FAST ZOMBIES



**CRAWWRR**

C'MON, NOW! JUMP FOR IT! HA! SUCKA!

ALL SEEMS RELAXED ON THE COMIC SET, BUT BENEATH THE SURFACE...



ALL IS NOT AS IT SEEMS



LOOK, LENNY, I'M DOING BLOODY CAMEOS!

YEAH, YOU GET ME LINES!



# BEHIND THE COMIC

"CONCERNED" HAS GONE FROM OBSCURE COMIC TO A STAPLE OF A GAMER'S WEB DIET. BUT WHERE DID IT COME FROM?



WHAT SPARKED THE RISE OF GORDON FROHMAN TO A HOUSEHOLD NAME?

OH SURE, I REMEMBER WHEN CHRIS FIRST CAME UP WITH THE IDEA FOR A NEW COMIC.

I HAD JUST FIRED HIM AGAIN, MAYBE FOR THE FIFTH TIME

HE THEN WENT ON A RAMPAGE OF DRINKING, SEX, DRUGS, AND CONSTANT GAMING

**John Wilson**  
Former boss

BUT FROM OUT OF THAT TURMOIL WAS BORN AN IDEA. CHRIS BECAME FRIENDS WITH MALE\_07, WHO WOULD LATER PLAY THE LEAD CHARACTER, GORDON FROHMAN.



SOON THEY BEGAN COLLABORATING AND CASTING THE VARIOUS PLAYERS FOR THE ROLES IN THE COMIC.

OH SURE I THOUGHT IT WAS A GREAT IDEA WHEN THEY PITCHED IT

OF COURSE I WAS ALSO REALLY DRUNK

BUT THEN SO WERE THEY! HAHHAHA!

CHARLES ROLIND, WHO PLAYED "DOG", WAS JUST FINISHING A RUN WITH THE ROYAL SHAKESPEARE TROUPE WHEN CHRIS CONTACTED HIM ABOUT THE JOB.



*Alas, poor Yorick.  
I knew him, Horatio.*

THE START OF PRODUCTION ON THE FIRST EPISODE WAS DELAYED DUE TO TECHNICAL ISSUES



**DJ SEH-VUN**  
IN DA HIZZHOUSE!

AS WELL AS MALE\_07'S CONTRACT AS A RAVE DJ AND KARAOKE HOST



**BEHIND  
THE  
COMIC**

AS 'CONCERNED' GREW  
IN POPULARITY, SUCCESS  
BEGAN TO TAKE A TOLL  
ON THE STARS.



AS EGOS FLARED, SO DID TENSIONS  
AROUND THE ORGANIZATION.



THE SITUATION CLIMAXED, THOUGH,  
WHEN A CAST MEMBER RAN AFOUL  
OF THE LAW.

CHARACTER ACTOR JIM WILLS, WHO  
PLAYS "BARNEY", HAD BEEN IN  
A BATTLE WITH DRUGS AND ALCOHOL  
AND WAS ARRESTED IN MARCH, 2006





IT WAS REALLY BAD. WE HAD GONE TO THIS CLUB, AND SOME GUY WAS HITTING ON ME. JIM WAS DRUNK, AND HIT THE GUY WITH A STUNSTICK PROP.

**Paulina Souther**  
Wills' ex-fiance

WITHOUT CHRIS' LEADERSHIP AND TECHNICAL SKILLS, WE HAD A TOUGH TIME.

EVERYONE CHIPPED IN WHERE THEY COULD. ALYX HELPED IN WARDROBE, SANDY IN MAKEUP...

IT WAS THEN THAT CREATOR CHRIS LIVINGSTON KNEW HE HAD TO TAKE DRASTIC ACTION

SCREEN THIS! I'M GOING ON VACATION!

**slunk!**

ALTHOUGH SEVEN HELPING IN SPECIAL EFFECTS WASN'T SUCH A GREAT IDEA...

**POOOM**

ELI!  
I THINK I HAVE THIS PYROTECHNIC FIGURED OUT!

NEXT EPISODE:  
THE TURNAROUND!



AWW, YOU'RE A CUTE LITTLE ANTLION, AREN'T YOU? **AREN'T** YOU? YES, YOU ARE! YES, YOU **ARE!** YOU'RE A **GOOD** BOY! I THINK I'LL CALL YOU... EDWARD!

GO FETCH YOUR PHEROPOD! GO GET IT! GO GET IT!

**SCREEEE!**

HEH, LOOK AT HIM GO. HE REALLY LOVES HIS...

WAIT, I'M STILL HOLDING THE PHEROPOD. SO, WHAT THE HECK DID I JUST THROW?

**SCREEE?**

**BIP BIP BIP BIP BIP**

**BOOM**

YOU'RE A CUTE LITTLE ANTLION, AREN'T YOU? YES, YOU **ARE!** I THINK I'LL CALL YOU... EDWARD **JUNIOR.** YES I WILL! OH, YES I **WILL!**



I SURE AM GLAD YOU ANTLIONS ARE COMING WITH ME TO NOVA PROSPEKT! IT'S NICE TO HAVE SOME FRIENDS TO TRAVEL WITH FOR A CHANGE.



I WAS HANGING WITH TWO GUYS FOR A WHILE, BUT THEN THEY TOTALLY DITCHED ME!

AT LEAST I THINK THEY DITCHED ME... WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM AGAIN?



WANNA BUILD A SAND CASTLE?



OKAY.

AH, WELL. WHATEVER!

THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT I'VE GOT YOU GUYS NOW! I JUST HOPE YOU GET ALONG WITH THE COMBINE AS WELL AS I DO!



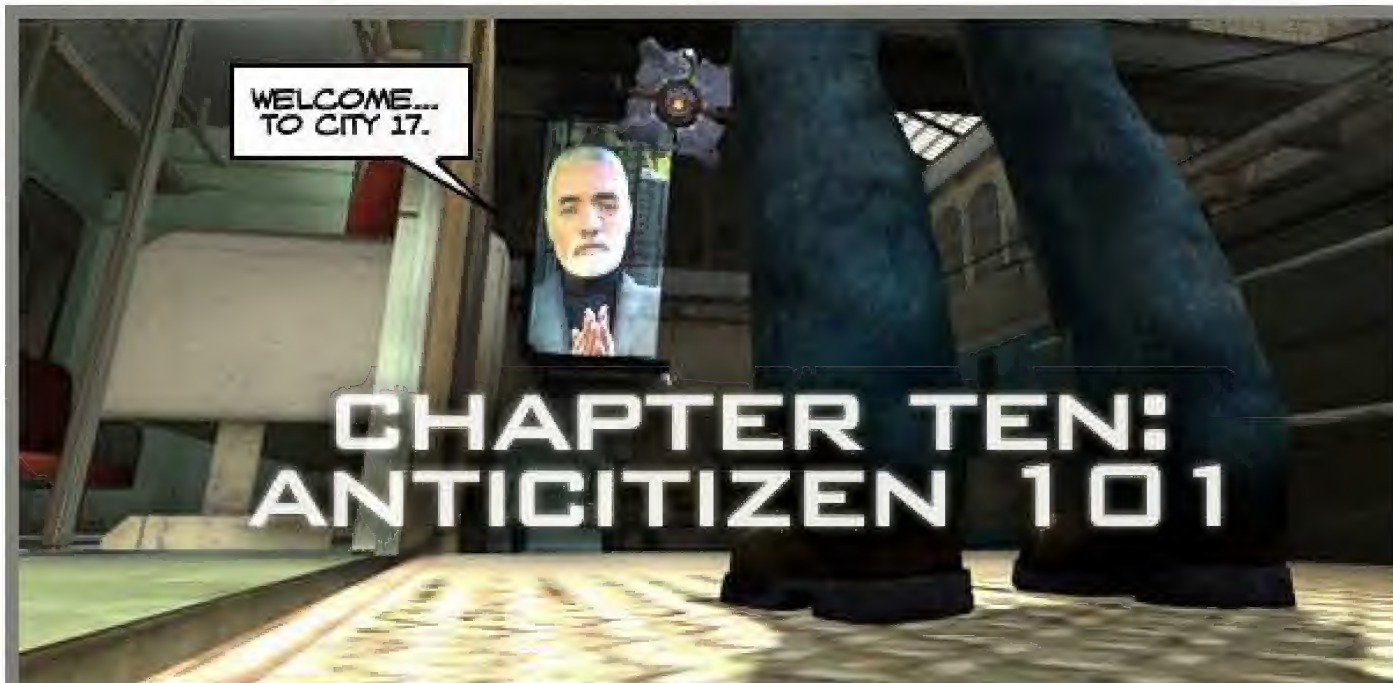
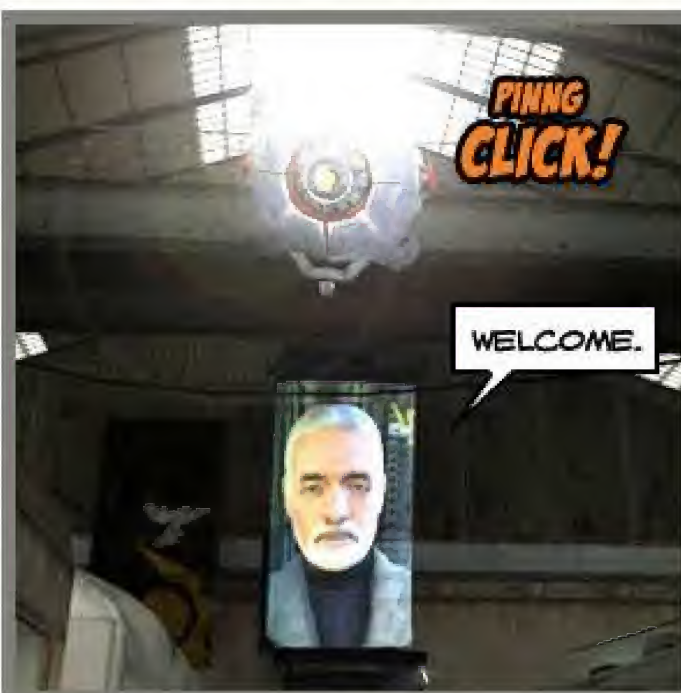














OKAY, GUYS. DADDY HAS TO GO INTO WORK, SO WHY DON'T YOU PLAY IN THIS ALLEY FOR A COUPLE HOURS. DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT! I'VE GOTTA MAKE A LIVING, YOU KNOW!



SUCH CUTE LITTLE CRITTERS.

HANK!  
WHAT'S UP? YOU  
LOOK GREAT!  
BEEN WORKING  
OUT?



DON'T TOUCH ME.

MAN, I  
MISSED THIS PLACE...  
THE SIGHTS, THE SOUNDS,  
THE SMELLS, THE  
SCREAMS...



THE  
CITADEL...

THAT  
NEVER SEEMS  
TO GET ANY  
CLOSER...

NO  
MATTER HOW  
FAR YOU  
WALK...



SICK? HE DISAPPEARS  
FOR THREE WEEKS AND  
THEN HE CALLS IN SICK?



YES, SIR.

SICK OF  
WALKING, SIR.





**GONNNNNNNNKK**  
**GONNNNNNNNKK**

THE CITADEL  
KLAXON... NEVER  
HEARD IT GO  
OFF BEFORE.



SOUNDS  
LIKE  
TROUBLE.

SOUNDS  
LIKE HOPE.

SOUNDS  
LIKE A FIRE  
DRILL.



HEY,  
OFFICER.  
WHAT'S ALL THIS  
ABOUT?

NOTHING.  
EVERYTHING IS  
NORMAL.

WHY DID  
DR. BREEN'S SHOW  
JUST GO OFF  
THE AIR?

UM. TECHNICAL  
DIFFICULTIES.  
NORMAL ONES.



WHY ARE  
THERE COPS  
RUNNING ALL OVER  
THE PLACE?

IT'S NORMAL. JUST  
GETTING EXERCISE.  
NORMAL EXERCISE.



WHY ARE THERE SO MANY SCANNERS  
POURING OUT OF THE CITADEL?



BECAUSE SOME IDIOT ORDERED  
100,000 OF THEM A FEW WEEKS  
AGO AND WE NEED TO GET RID  
OF THEM.

HEY,  
THE **ZERO** KEY  
STICKS ON MY  
KEYBOARD,  
OKAY?

I MEAN.  
**HIS** KEYBOARD.  
**HIS.**









NICE WHEELS. THIS BABY GOT A HEMI?

YOU KNOW IT.

GUYS!  
GUYS!



I JUST HEARD SOME TERRIBLE NEWS  
OVER THE RADIO! IT'S ABOUT FRANK!  
FRANK... FRANK IS DEAD.

WHAT?

NOT  
FRANK!



YES. HE WAS KILLED  
BY GORDON FREEMAN.

GORDON  
FROHMAN?

NO, FREEMAN.

THAT SICK BASTARD THREW A CHAIR AT  
HIM WITH SOME SORT OF ZERO-POINT  
ENERGY WEAPON. MASSIVE CRANIAL  
DAMAGE, INTERNAL BLEEDING... THERE  
WAS NOTHING ANYONE COULD DO.



JESUS.

FRANK'S KIDS ARE  
INCONSOLABLE. IF I  
STILL HAD A STOMACH,  
I THINK I WOULD VOMIT.



I... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. FRANK AND I  
GREW UP TOGETHER. WE WENT TO  
COLLEGE TOGETHER. WE WERE  
ENSLAVED BY THE COMBINE TOGETHER.

I JUST... I CAN'T  
BELIEVE HE'S  
GONE.



POOR  
FRANK.





WELL, AT LEAST WE GOT  
TO BURY HIM BY THE  
OCEAN. I THINK HE WOULD  
BE HAPPY WITH THAT.



FRANK LOVED  
THE OCEAN.

HEH. HEY, REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE  
WORKING NIGHTS IN DELTA QUADRANT?  
FRANK WOULD SPEND HOURS TALKING  
ABOUT HOW WE COULD DRAIN EARTH'S  
OCEANS WITH A GIANT UNDERWATER  
TELEPORTER, AND BRING THE OCEANS  
WITH US TO THE NEXT PLANET THE  
COMBINE TOOK OVER?



HA HA, YEAH! HE USED TO DRIVE  
ME NUTS WITH ALL THAT TALK!  
I WAS ALWAYS, LIKE, OKAY, DUDE,  
WHATEVER! AND HE WOULD SIT  
DOWN AND DO ALL THE MATH  
AND EQUATIONS TO PROVE IT  
WOULD ACTUALLY WORK!

HEH HEH HEH.

MAN.



GOOD OL'  
FRANK.





I CAN'T BELIEVE WE LIVE IN A WORLD WHERE SOME PSYCHO CAN JUST DRIVE AROUND, KILLING WHOEVER HE WANTS! THIS IS CRAZY! THIS IS CRAZY, GUYS!



IT'S JUST PLAIN WRONG.

BUT WHAT CAN WE, AS HEAVILY ARMORED, HIGHLY TRAINED COMBINE SOLDIERS, POSSIBLY DO ABOUT THIS FREEMAN GUY?



LISTEN, GUYS, OUTPOST TANGO IS RIGHT OVER THAT HILL, AND FREEMAN MIGHT STILL BE ON THE COAST ROAD. IF WE DOUBLE-TIME IT, WE CAN PUT A STOP TO THIS MASS MURDERER BEFORE HE KILLS AGAIN!



WE CAN'T SAVE FRANK, BUT WE CAN STILL AVENGE HIM! COME ON, GUYS! IT MIGHT NOT BE TOO LATE! THERE MIGHT STILL BE ENOUGH TIME!

LET'S GO!

ATTACK!



FOR FRANK!



ERNIE?

OH, GOD.







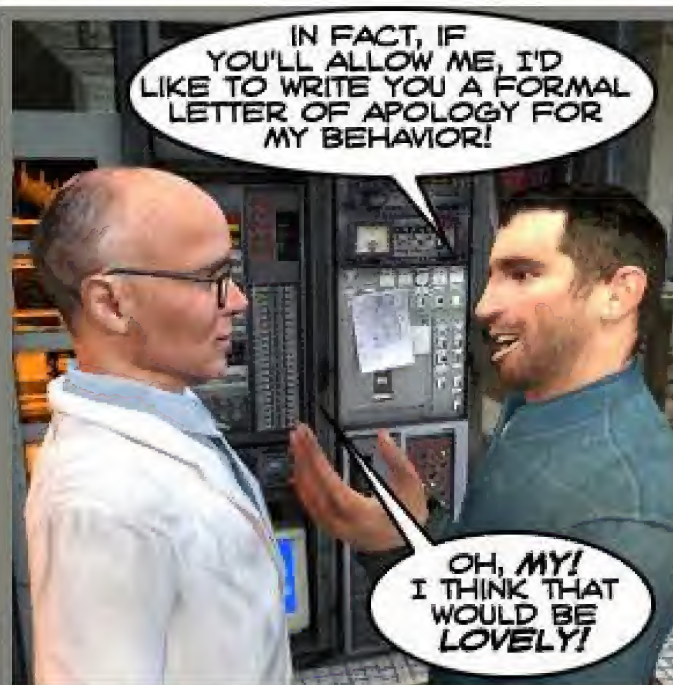
OKAY, FROHMAN. GET READY TO START A NEW CHAPTER IN YOUR LIFE. IT'S CALLED "POINT INSERTION" AND IT FEATURES THIS STUNSTICK IN AN UNFORGETTABLE STARRING ROLE!



THERE'S NO NEED FOR VIOLENCE! I'M SURE THIS POOR, MISGUIDED YOUNG MAN MEANT NO HARM! HE MAY BE SUFFERING FROM THE SIDE-EFFECTS OF TELEPORTATION, OR HE MAY HAVE BEEN BRAINWASHED BY THE COMBINE, OR THINGS OF THAT NATURE!



IN FACT, IF YOU'LL ALLOW ME, I'D LIKE TO WRITE YOU A FORMAL LETTER OF APOLOGY FOR MY BEHAVIOR!



YOU SEE, NO REASON TO HARM HIM!

MM-HMM.



LEMME SEE THAT.



"DEAR DR. BREEN. HELP! I'VE BEEN TAKEN PRISONER BY AN ALCOHOLIC AND A STEREOTYPICAL ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR! SEND STRIDERS!"





# The Anticitizen Bugle

City 17's #1 Underground Alternative Newspaper. News For Rebels, By Rebels

## NOVA PROSPEKT INVADED!

**NOVA PROSPEKT** - The former prison turned Combine stronghold, where captured humans are transformed into mindless Combine slaves, stalkers, and soldiers, has finally been brought to its knees.

Dr. Gordon Freeman, scientist and adventurer, invaded the facility along with an army of Antlions sometime last night, bravely battling the guards and attempting to free Dr. Eli Vance, who was captured when the Combine stormed Black Mesa East the night before last. Vance's daughter, Alyx, was reportedly assisting Dr. Freeman during the invasion. The whereabouts of Freeman and both of the Vances are currently unknown.



Above: Victory at Nova Prospekt!

Dr. Breen, administrator of City 17 and Nova Prospekt could not be reached for comment by press time.

**TODAY'S WEATHER:**  
Revoltng

### Traitor Captured, Held

**KLEINER'S LAB** - A man accused of betraying the human race was captured and is being held in Dr. Kleiner's secret lab.

"Okay, I did it. I betrayed the remnants of the human race by voluntarily working in the Citadel, by informing Dr. Breen of the location of the secret Ravenholm settlement, and by trying to turn Kleiner over to Combine forces," the as-yet unnamed traitor was quoted as saying. "How many times do I have to say I'm sorry before I'm forgiven? Fifty? A hundred? A thousand? Tell me!"

"Let's start with once," Barney Calhoun was quoted as replying. "Once would be a good start."

## THE COMBINE ADVISOR

NEWS YOU CAN USE. IF YOU CHOOSE NOT TO USE THIS NEWS YOU WILL BE KILLED.

## EVERYTHING IS FINE.

**NOVA PROSPEKT** - Everything is fine here in Nova Prospekt, according to everyone in Nova Prospekt, sources inside Nova Prospekt said today. There is absolutely nothing about the situation in Nova Prospekt that is anything but totally fine.

"There have been no unusual events or circumstances inside the former prison, now a theme park for humans, with rides and candy and cute puppy dogs and soft pillows," said Dr. Breen, the very handsome, smart, and kind administrator of City 17 and Nova Prospekt. "Really!"

"Also, all your relatives are here and are happy and they really miss you," he added. Then he made a small child smile by giving him a lollypop.



Dr. Breen: "Fine! Just Fine!"

### IN OTHER NEWS:

Combine Soldier Frank Paulson Dies At Age 31 of Completely Natural Causes. See The Obituaries, Pages 14 - 38

### POINT / COUNTERPOINT EVERYTHING IS FINE!



Combine Officer  
Tom Johnson

Dr. Breen says everything is totally fine, and I have no reason to think otherwise. Anyone who doesn't think everything is totally fine has a screw loose. Everything is totally fine.

### FINE? TRY AWESOME!



Combine Officer  
John Thompson

Things aren't just fine! They're totally awesome! Saying things are just fine is crazy, when things are as awesome as they are! Things are just plain awesome!



HERE'S THE SITUATION. OUR VORT SOURCES TELL US ELI VANCE WAS TELEPORTED TO THE CITADEL. AS FOR GORDON AND ALYX, WE DON'T KNOW **WHERE** THEY ARE. AFTER DOCTOR K TALKED TO ALYX OVER THE RADIO LAST NIGHT, THEY **SHOULD** HAVE BEEN 'PORTED BACK HERE. NO SUCH LUCK.



EITHER WAY, WE CAN'T JUST SIT AROUND WAITING FOR THEM. WE'VE GOT TO RESCUE ELL.

FROHMAN, YOU'RE A TRAITOR... BUT I'M REQUIRED BY STANDARD PLOT GUIDELINES TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO REDEEM YOURSELF.



OH, YES! GOODIE! I WANT TO HELP!

YES... **HELP**. HELP **MYSELF** OUT OF THIS CRUMMY LAB AND BACK TO THE CITADEL. I'LL REDEEM MYSELF, THAT'S FOR SURE. REDEEM MYSELF WITH THE **COMBINE!**



OKAY, KLEINER IS GOING TO CONTACT THE REBELS ON THE COAST, AND I'M GONNA ROUND UP WHAT CIVILIANS I CAN FROM THE CITY. BUT WE NEED MORE WEAPONS. THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN.



HEY, GOT IT COVERED! I WORK IN PURCHASING! I'LL GET YOU LOADS OF WEAPONS! TOO **MANY** WEAPONS!

FOOLISH CALHOUN... WHAT YOU DON'T REALIZE IS THAT YOU'VE ALREADY **GOT** TOO MANY WEAPONS... AND THEY'RE ALL NAMED **ME!** AND I'M FULLY LOADED AND READY TO GO OFF RIGHT IN YOUR FACE! HAH HA HA!



UH? OH! WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT? I DIDN'T MEAN **ANY** OF THAT!

WAIT. I DIDN'T EVEN SAY ANY OF THAT.



NO, BUT YOU **ARE** MAKING SPOOKY SHADOW FACES WITH YOUR FLASHLIGHT, AND IT'S A BIT TROUBLING.



WELCOME TO REBEL TRAINING, OR AS I LIKE TO CALL IT, ANTICITIZEN 101. WE'RE NOT SURE WHEN DR. FREEMAN WILL RETURN, BUT WHEN HE DOES, HE'S GONNA NEED ALL THE HELP HE CAN GET TO TAKE ON THE COMBINE.



OKAY. WHO HERE CAN TELL ME WHAT THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF BEING A REBEL IS? WHEN THE BOMBS ARE DROPPING AND THE BULLETS ARE FLYING, WHAT'S THE ONE THING YOU NEED TO BE FOCUSING ON?



TEAMWORK?

ACCURACY.

STAYING CALM?

SURRENDERING TO THE COMBINE?

SOME OF THOSE ARE GOOD IDEAS. BUT THE RIGHT ANSWER IS "POLITENESS".

BE POLITE AT ALL TIMES! WHEN YOU GET IN FREEMAN'S WAY, EXCUSE YOURSELF! JUST BECAUSE YOU MIGHT BE GUT-SHOT IS NO REASON TO BE RUDE.

OKAY, LET'S PRACTICE. REPEAT AFTER ME. "EXCUSE ME."

EXCUSE ME.

"SORRY, DOC."

SORRY, DOC.

"PARDON ME!"

PARDON ME!

UH, DO WE REALLY NEED TO PRACTICE EXCUSING OURSELVES? HOW OFTEN IS THIS REALLY GONNA COME UP?



A LOT. YOU'LL SEE WHY WHEN WE GET TO LESSON TWO AND THREE, WHICH ARE "CLUSTER AROUND FREEMAN AT ALL TIMES" AND "PERSONAL SPACE: THE GREAT MYTH OF URBAN COMBAT."



...AND THAT'S WHY, DESPITE FREEMAN'S EXTENSIVE COMBAT EXPERIENCE, YOU SHOULDN'T BE SHY ABOUT NAGGING HIM TO RELOAD. CONSTANTLY.

UH, CAN I SKIP THIS CLASS? I ALREADY KNOW EVERYTHING I NEED TO KNOW ABOUT FIGHTING IN A WAR.

AFTER ALL, MY GRANDFATHER, MORGAN FROHMAN, FOUGHT IN WORLD WAR TWO.

PRIVATE FROHMAN! FRONT AND CENTER!

WHY THE HELL AREN'T YOU IN UNIFORM, SOLDIER?

HEY, DADDY-O! DON'T BE A FLAT TIRE! I'M JUST GINNED UP, I'M GAMMIN', I'M HEADING TO THE FROLIC PAD AND I DON'T WANT TO LOOK LIKE A DEAD HOOFER! I'M A HEP CAT, AND I WANT TO CUT A RUG WITH SOME KITTENS!

TWENTY-THREE SKIDOO! AGGGGH!

**BOOM**

**SPAKK**

KRAUT SNIPER. AND THANK GOD.

YEAH, I COULDN'T TAKE ANY MORE OF THAT PERIOD SLANG.

SO... WHAT'S THE LESSON? DON'T WEAR A ZOOT SUIT INTO COMBAT? DON'T STAND UP DURING A FIREFIGHT? DON'T BE A COMPLETE IDIOT?

NO, DON'T FIGHT IN A WAR.







OKAY,  
EVERYONE,  
LISTEN UP!

SPLIT  
INTO FOUR-MAN  
SQUADS.

SPREAD  
OUT AROUND  
THE CITY.

WAIT  
FOR MY  
SIGNAL.

THEN  
BEGIN THE  
ATTACK.



YOU FOUR, STAY HERE. ONCE THE  
FIGHTING STARTS, ROUND UP THE REST  
OF THE CITIZENS, GET THEM GEARED  
UP, AND GET THEM ARMED. WITH ANY  
LUCK, FREEMAN WILL ARRIVE SOON.  
EVERYONE ELSE, MOVE OUT!



OKAY! BYE, BARNEY! WOW, GUYS, THIS  
IS EXCITING, HUH? I'M REALLY HAPPY  
TO BE PART OF THIS SQUAD! HEY!  
MAYBE WE SHOULD GO AROUND AND  
INTRODUCE OURSELVES, HUH?



I'M ROBBIE RAUSCHENBERG! I'M  
FRESH-FACED AND OPTIMISTIC. I'LL  
ALWAYS BE TALKING ABOUT HOW WHEN  
THE WAR IS OVER I'M GONNA GET ME  
A LITTLE FARMHOUSE AND SETTLE  
DOWN WITH MY SWEETHEART. I CARRY  
A PICTURE OF HER AROUND AND TALK  
ABOUT HER WISTFULLY.



I'LL PROBABLY GET SHOT UP AND DIE  
SLOWLY, WHILE YOU CROWD AROUND ME  
AND TELL ME I'LL BE OKAY. THEN  
YOU'LL GENTLY CLOSE MY EYES. IT'LL  
BE INCREDIBLY MOVING, I JUST KNOW IT!

NAME'S CLAY... I'M SHIFTY-EYED AND  
UNTRUSTWORTHY. I'LL PROBABLY  
DITCH YOU GUYS WHEN THE COMBAT  
GETS TOO INTENSE, WHICH IS IN  
KEEPING WITH MY SELFISH, COWARDLY  
NATURE. OF COURSE, I'LL REDEEM  
MYSELF LATER...



...AFTER BEING WOUNDED, AND  
TELLING YOU TO GO ON AND LEAVE  
ME BEHIND. THEN I'LL DETONATE A  
GRENADE, KILLING MYSELF BUT TAKING  
OUT SOME COMBINE SOLDIERS TOO,  
ALLOWING YOU TO ESCAPE SAFELY.



CALL ME BOOMER. I'M AN EXPLOSIVES EXPERT, BECAUSE EVERY SQUAD HAS AN EXPLOSIVES EXPERT. I KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT BOMBS, EXCEPT WHEN I'M DEFUSING THEM I HAVE TO GUESS WHICH WIRE TO CUT AT THE VERY END, SINCE I MISSED THE LAST DAY OF BOMB-DEFUSAL CLASS.



AT SOME POINT, I'LL LIGHT A STICK OF DYNAMITE WITH A CIGAR AND TOSS IT OVER MY SHOULDER, WALKING AWAY CALMLY AS EVERYTHING EXPLODES BEHIND ME. WHICH IS REALLY COOL.

I'M GORDON FROHMAN, AND I'M WONDERING WHERE THE SECONDARY FIRE ON THIS COMBINE PULSE RIFLE IS.



**FOOOONG!**



**FRIZZLE**

**FRAZZLE**

**FROZZLE**



UH.  
FOUND  
IT.









IT'S NOT WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE! COME ON, OFFICERS! YOU GUYS KNOW ME! I'M GORDON FROHMAN! I WOULDN'T START A REVOLUTION!



LOOK!

IT'S GORDON FROHMAN!

AND HE'S STARTING THE REVOLUTION!



OKAY, I KNOW THAT SOUNDED BAD, BUT I CAN EXPLAIN. SEE...



OKAY, I... I GOT NOTHIN'.

ARMED CITIZENS! TAKE THEM DOWN!



CIVIL PROTECTION! LOCK AND LOAD!

**OPEN FIRE!**



















WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, ONE OF US IS A DOCTOR AND THE OTHER ONE OF US IS YOU. SO, WHY DON'T YOU SLOWLY STRIP DOWN TO YOUR UNDER-THINGS, AND I'LL HAVE SUSAN CANCEL THE REST OF MY APPOINTMENTS.









DANGIT! I'VE GOT FIVE MINUTES UNTIL DR. BREEN'S EVENING BROADCAST, AND THERE'S A LINE OF PATIENTS OUT THE DOOR! GOTTA FINISH UP QUICK, SO THEY'D BETTER NOT HAVE A BUNCH OF COMPLICATED INJURIES, EACH ONE MORE RIDICULOUS THAN THE LAST!



THIS IS GONNA SOUND CRAZY, BUT A GRENADE WENT OFF IN MY MOUTH!



LOOKS FINE! HAVE A MEDKIT!

SHOTGUN BLAST TO THE CROTCH.

SELF-INFLICTED.



IT HAPPENS! TAKE THIS MEDKIT!

I ASK ONLY FFFFFOR A FRIEND OF MINE... HE WAS SHOT IN THE BHHHHKKK... IN THE BKKKKHHH...

BUTT?

BRIEF-CASE.



MEDKIT!

WHAT? WHAT? YOU DON'T EVEN LOOK HURT.



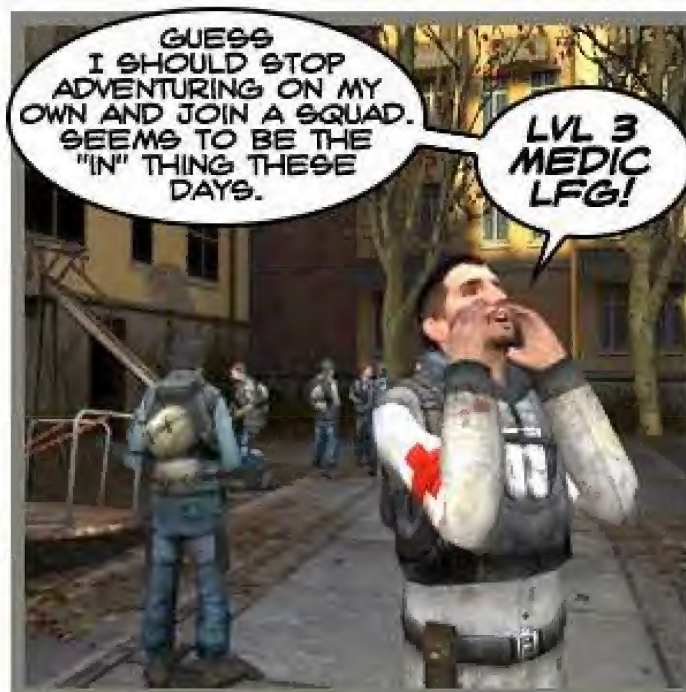
OH, NOT IN THE *FLESH*, NO, MAN, BUT I'M, LIKE, TOTALLY AILING IN THE *BRAIN*, MAN! THIS WAR HAS ME, LIKE, STRESSIN' OUT IN THE GREY MATTER! MY *MIIIND* IS BLOWN AND THE PIECES CANNOT BE PICKED UP! CAN WE JUST, LIKE, RAP ABOUT STUFF FOR A WHILE?

RAP ABOUT *THIS*, HIPPIE! RAP ABOUT THE MEDKIT I PUSHED INTO YOUR *BRAIN*!

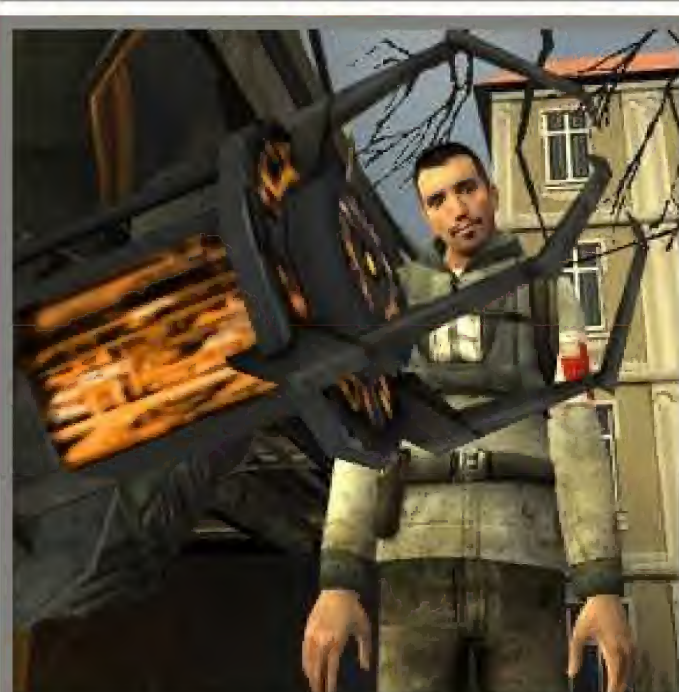
OW, MAN, CAN'T I JUST, LIKE, GET A HUG, MAN?

























LOOK, WE DON'T **NEED** FREEMAN! I CAN FILL IN JUST FINE. I EVEN FOUND SOME GLASSES! CHECK ME OUT!



I'M GORDON FREEMAN! I NEVER SAY ANYTHING! BLAH BLAH BLAH!

THAT'S A TERRIBLE IMPRESSION. "I NEVER SAY ANYTHING, BLAH BLAH BLAH"? THAT... THAT DOESN'T EVEN MAKE **SENSE**.



OKAY, I'LL WORK ON IT. THE GLASSES ARE SPOT ON, THOUGH, RIGHT?

LOOK, FREEMAN IS MORE THAN JUST A PAIR OF GLASSES. HE'S GOT SKILLS. HECK, DESPITE NEVER SAYING A WORD, HE HAS THE ABILITY TO COMMAND HIS SQUADMATES TO RUN ANYWHERE HE WANTS THEM TO JUST BY **LOOKING** AT THE SPOT HE'D LIKE THEM TO RUN TO!



WELL, WHO KNOWS. MAYBE I CAN DO THAT, TOO! LEMME GIVE IT A WHIRL!



HE HAS THE GIFT. I'VE GOT THE URGE TO RUN.



I'D LIKE TO BACK AWAY SLOWLY. DOES THAT COUNT?



WHY WON'T YOU GUYS LET ME FILL IN FOR FREEMAN? WE'RE A LOT ALIKE. HECK, WE EVEN USED TO WORK IN THE SAME LAB!

HA! YOU WORKED AT BLACK MESA?

YEP! AND I CAN PROVE IT BY FONDLY REMEMBERING IT ALOUD.

A FLASHBACK? BUT WE'RE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A WAR...

...SO YOU'D BETTER MAKE IT QUICK.

WELL, IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO. BACKGROUND ART WAS BLAND AND CHUNKY, AND I WAS MUCH YOUNGER, BUT LOOKED EXACTLY THE SAME AS I DO TODAY...

I THINK I'LL TRY EXTRA HARD TO REMEMBER TODAY'S EVENTS AND CONVERSATIONS, IN CASE I SOMEDAY WANT TO RECALL THEM VERBATIM.

I'D BEEN WORKING AS A FILE CLERK FOR A FEW WEEKS, AND GETTING TO KNOW THE OTHER EMPLOYEES...

FROHMAN! YOU'RE RUNNING LATE AGAIN. AND WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT THE DRESS CODE?

NO SKIRTS ABOVE THE KNEE?

NO, I TOLD YOU NOT TO WEAR THAT FILTHY DENIM JUMPSUIT AGAIN. IT'S DISGUSTING!

HEY, I'M A TREND-SETTER!

TRUST ME. IN THE FUTURE, **EVERYONE** IS GONNA BE WEARING THESE!



WORKING AT BLACK MESA WAS PRETTY COOL, BUT THINGS COULD GET A LITTLE CONFUSING, TOO...

MORNING, BARNEY! HEY, DIDN'T I JUST SEE YOU OUTSIDE A SECOND AGO?

NAH, THAT GUY JUST LOOKS AND SOUNDS A LOT LIKE ME. I'M THE REAL BARNEY, THOUGH.

LIKE HELL YOU ARE! I'M THE REAL BARNEY!

OH. ARE YA SURE? I THOUGHT I WAS.

WELL, THINK AGAIN, PAL.

WAIT, IF YOU'RE THE REAL BARNEY, THEN WHO THE HELL AM I?

QUIET, ALL OF YOU! I HAPPEN TO KNOW FOR A FACT THAT THE GENUINE BARNEY CALHOUN IS CURRENTLY PATROLLING THE TRAM TUNNELS.

NOW STOP THIS META-NONSENSE AND GET BACK TO WORK!

SORRY, DR. KLEINER. WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.

HE'S NOT DR. KLEINER! I AM!

DID SOMEONE CALL MY NAME?

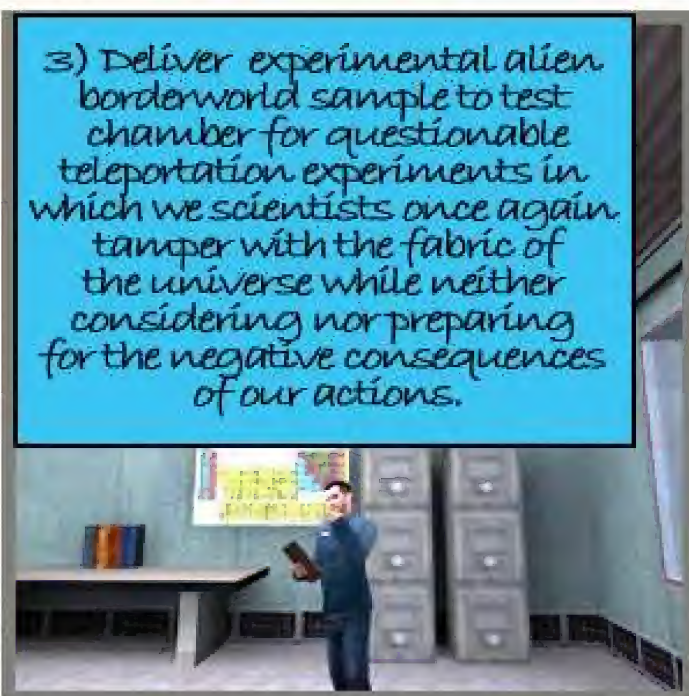
LUCKILY, THAT DOESN'T HAPPEN SO MUCH THESE DAYS.

THANK GOD FOR THAT.

REALLY! I CAN'T IMAGINE HOW WEIRD THAT MUST HAVE BEEN!

ME NEITHER!







MEANWHILE, IN THE PAST...

OKAY,  
I'M DONE  
DELIVERING THE  
XEN BORDERWORLD  
SAMPLE TO THE TEST  
CHAMBER, WHICH  
MEANS...



MMM,  
A DELICIOUS  
WEDGE OF BOURNES  
PASTURIZED ORGANIC  
CHESHIRE CHEESE!  
MY FAVORITE  
SNACK!



IT'S  
BREAK-  
TIME!



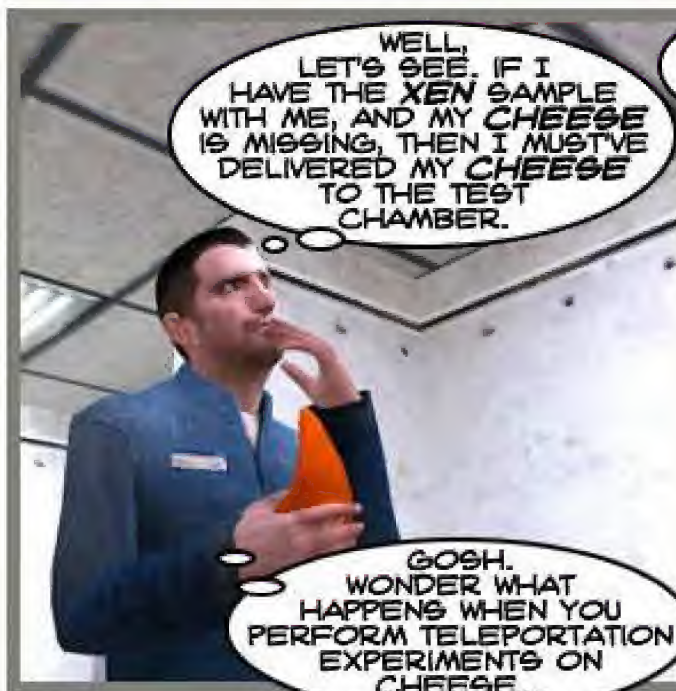
THINK  
I'LL HAVE ME  
A SNACK IN THE  
EMPLOYEE  
LOUNGE.

WAIT  
A SECOND...  
THIS DOESN'T LOOK  
LIKE MY CHEESE. IT  
DOESN'T EVEN SMELL  
LIKE MY CHEESE.  
WHAT THE...



NOT ONLY  
IS THIS NOT MY CHEESE, IT  
ISN'T CHEESE AT ALL! THIS IS  
THAT XEN BORDER-  
WORLD SAMPLE!

WELL,  
LET'S SEE. IF I  
HAVE THE XEN SAMPLE  
WITH ME, AND MY CHEESE  
IS MISSING, THEN I MUST'VE  
DELIVERED MY CHEESE  
TO THE TEST  
CHAMBER.



GOSH.  
WONDER WHAT  
HAPPENS WHEN YOU  
PERFORM TELEPORTATION  
EXPERIMENTS ON  
CHEESE...

YOU  
MEAN... YOU...  
YOU'RE THE  
ONE WHO...



YES.  
I'M THE ONE  
WHO DISCOVERED THAT  
THE XEN BORDERWORLD IS  
**EXTREMELY** LACTOSE  
INTOLERANT.



A LITTLE LATER, I HELPED A FEMALE BLACK OPS ASSASSIN AND A MARINE GRUNT GET BACK TOGETHER...

YOU JUST NEED TO FOCUS ON COMMON INTERESTS... YOU BOTH LIKE KILLING TERRIFIED SCIENTISTS... ISN'T THAT WHAT'S REALLY IMPORTANT?

THIS WAS AROUND THE TIME I GOT A PET GARGANTUA NAMED HERSCHEL...

HERSCHEL! I CHECKED THE RULEBOOK, AND THERE'S NOTHING IN THERE THAT SAYS WE CAN'T HAVE A GARG ON THE SOCCER TEAM! THIS IS GONNA BE THE BEST SUMMER EVER!

HOLD ON, HOLD ON... BLACK OPS AND GRUNT'S DATING... A PET GARG...

NAMED HERSCHEL!

GOD. YOU'RE JUST... MAKING THIS UP, AREN'T YOU? THE WHOLE STORY! YOU NEVER WORKED AT BLACK MESA! YOU WEREN'T PART OF THE EXPERIMENT!

I CAN'T BELIEVE I'VE BEEN STANDING HERE LISTENING TO THIS! YOU'RE LIKE... LIKE... SOME SORT OF MENTALLY CHALLENGED KEYSER SOZE!

SO, CHEESE DIDN'T REALLY DESTROY OUR PLANET?

CHEESE DIDN'T DESTROY ANYTHING, TIMMY.

LET'S DITCH THIS LIAR AND GO CATCH UP WITH FREEMAN.

HERSCHEL, DWIGHT, CHARLENE, AND GORDON BEST FRIENDS 4-EVA!

















SO, WHAT'S NEW, BRO? I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE THE SEVEN HOUR WAR ENDED!

THERE WAS AN END TO THE WAR? THAT'S FUNNY...



... 'CUZ I'M STILL FIGHTING IT.



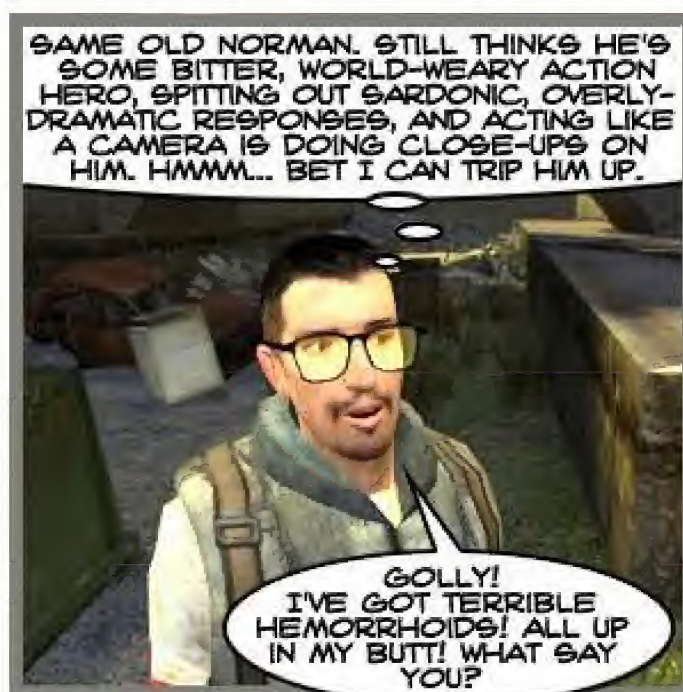
HEY, ARE YOU SMOKING? WELL...

...AS A DOCTOR WHO WEARS GLASSES, I SHOULD WARN YOU OF THE HEALTH RISKS!

IF THEY LET YOU BECOME A DOCTOR...



THEN EVERYONE'S HEALTH IS AT RISK.



SAME OLD NORMAN. STILL THINKS HE'S SOME BITTER, WORLD-WEARY ACTION HERO, SPITTING OUT SARDONIC, OVERLY-DRAMATIC RESPONSES, AND ACTING LIKE A CAMERA IS DOING CLOSE-UPS ON HIM. HMMW... BET I CAN TRIP HIM UP.

GOLLY! I'VE GOT TERRIBLE HEMORRHOIDS! ALL UP IN MY BUTT! WHAT SAY YOU?



YOU THINK IT'S PAINFUL SITTING DOWN?

TRY TAKING A STAND.

DAMN HE'S GOOD!



DEAR DR. BREEN,

HOW ARE THINGS  
IN THE CITADEL?  
AWESOME?

HOPEFULLY, THEY'RE GOING BETTER  
THAN THINGS ARE DOWN HERE!

DON'T YOU HATE IT WHEN RELATIVES  
COME TO VISIT? FOR INSTANCE...

MY TWIN BROTHER IS IN TOWN, AND  
NOT ONLY DID HE ARRIVE WITHOUT  
CALLING FIRST, HE WANTS TO GO  
DO ALL THIS TOURIST STUFF!

HE MADE ME TAKE HIM TO SOME  
**MUSEUM**. LAME! IT'S CALLED "THE  
OVERWATCH NEXUS". I GUESS IT  
HAS SOME EXHIBIT ON THE ROOF  
HE REALLY WANTS TO SEE. NOW,  
I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT ART,  
BUT I KNOW WHAT I LIKE...

ANYWAY, THERE'S A LINE, AND THEY'RE  
ONLY LETTING US IN THREE OR FOUR  
AT A TIME. I THINK IT'S BECAUSE  
THAT FREEMAN GUY IS IN THERE.

...AND I DON'T LIKE ART. PLUS, I  
WANTED TO GO SEE "STOMP".

THIS MUSEUM  
BETTER AT LEAST  
HAVE SOME  
DINOSAURS.

SPEAKING OF "STOMP", SOMEONE  
JUST GOT IN LINE BEHIND US, AND  
THEY'RE MAKING A RACKET! C-YA!

SIGNED,  
A CONCERNED  
CITIZEN.



STUPID BROTHER. HE'S ALWAYS MAKING ME DO THINGS I... HEY, THAT'S ODD... I DIDN'T NOTICE THIS BIG HOT SIZZLING SINGULARITY CANNON BEAM HERE EARLIER.... WONDER WHERE IT CAME FROM?



**ZZZMM CHHAAAAAAAAAA**



**THOOOM**









MY GOD... LOOK AT US, NORMAN...  
POINTING GUNS AT EACH OTHER LIKE  
WE'RE CHARACTERS IN SOME JOHN  
WOO MOVIE... WE'RE **BROTHERS**,  
DAMMIT! WE'RE BETTER THAN THIS!



I'M NOT  
POINTING **ANYTHING**  
AT YOU, MORON!

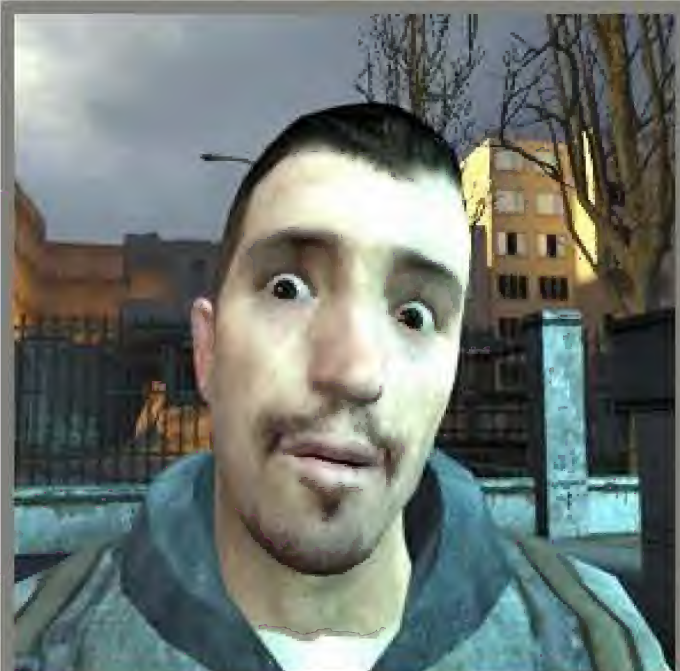


OH, NOW WE'RE ARGUING AGAIN!  
CAN'T WE GET ALONG FOR A EVEN A  
MINUTE WITHOUT ARGUING? WITHOUT  
GUNPLAY? WITHOUT ONE OF US **PUSHING**  
THE OTHER LIKE A BIG MEAN JERK?

FOR THE **LAST TIME**... I DIDN'T **PUSH**  
YOU. I **SAVED** YOU. AND IF YOU'RE  
TOO **STUPID** TO REALIZE THAT, THEN  
IT'S PRETTY DAMN OBVIOUS I SHOULDN'T  
HAVE EVEN BOTHERED. YOU'RE NOT  
**WORTH SAVING**. YOU'RE NOT WORTH  
**ANYTHING**. YOU...



...ARE  
**WORTHLESS**. I  
SHOULD HAVE LET  
YOU DIE.



OH,  
WHAT'S **THIS**? DID  
YOUR FACE REGISTER  
A BRIEF FLICKER OF  
COMPREHENSION?  
AMAZING.



DID  
SOMETHING GET  
**THROUGH** TO THAT TINY  
PEA BRAIN OF YOURS?  
IT'S ABOUT TIME.

RISE AND SHINE, GORDON. YOU'RE  
NOT A DOCTOR. YOU'RE NOT A HERO.  
YOU'RE A HELPLESS DOPE. TRUTH  
HURTS. LIFE SUCKS. BUT IT'S TIME TO  
WAKE UP... AND SMELL THE ASHES.



**\*SNIFFLE\***

YOU NEED  
TO CRY? FINE. TAKE  
A MINUTE. TAKE FIVE.  
WHEN YOU'RE DONE,  
JOIN ME IN THE REAL  
WORLD.







BAD NEWS, SIR... THE OVERWATCH NEXUS HAS BEEN TAKEN, GROUND FORCES HAVE BEEN WIPED OUT, AND THE STRIDERS HAVE BEEN DEFEATED.

ANYTHING ELSE?

SOMEONE APPARENTLY ATE ALL YOUR RANCH-FLAVORED SUNCHIPS.

NOT TO WORRY! THE CITADEL IS SEALED UP TIGHT! NO REBELS WILL BE GETTING IN HERE!

**BOOP**

BAD NEWS, SIR. GORDON FREEMAN IS INSIDE THE CITADEL.

WHEN I SAID "IN HERE" I MEANT, YOU KNOW. IN YOUR OFFICE. NO REBELS WILL GET IN--

HEY, DR. BREEN! THE DOOR WAS OPEN SO I FIGURED I'D JUST COME ON IN! OH, HI, MR. HENDERSON!

HENDERSON... YOU'VE FAILED ME FOR THE LAST TIME...

BAD NEWS, SIR. YOU CAN'T USE THE "DARK SIDE" TO "FORCE-CHOKE" ME.

JUST ONCE YOU COULD PRETEND!

WELL, MY THROAT IS SORTA SCRATCHY. BUT IT COULD BE ALL THOSE SUNCHIPS I JUST ATE.





WHERE'S FREEMAN? I DON'T SEE HIM ON ANY OF THESE SECURITY MONITORS!

THERE HE IS. SUBLEVEL SIX. ENTERING A VACANT STALKER CONTAINMENT TRANSPORT MODULE.



I CALL 'EM STALKER STOWERS!

THAT MORON. HE CLIMBED WILLINGLY INTO WHAT IS ESSENTIALLY A STEEL COFFIN.

A STEEL COFFIN THAT CAN'T BE OPENED FROM THE INSIDE, AND WE CONTROL WHERE IT GOES.



THEN IT'S OVER. SHEEZ, THAT WAS EASY. TAKE THE MEN OFF HIGH ALERT.

IS THAT SUCH A GOOD IDEA, SIR?

FREEMAN IS CLEARLY AN IDIOT, HENDERSON. HOW LONG DO COMPLETE IDIOTS USUALLY SURVIVE?











SO, LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. WE HAD FREEMAN LOCKED IN A METAL BOX, WE TOOK AWAY HIS WEAPONS, BUT NOW HE'S LOOSE AND HIS GRAVITY GUN IS SUPER-CHARGED AND CAN TOSS SOLDIERS AROUND.



WELL, SIR--

IT'S ALL MR. HENDERSON'S FAULT!

VERY WELL. PLAN B IT IS. I USE THE TWO VANCES FOR LEVERAGE, I TAUNT FREEMAN FROM THE VIDEO SCREENS, AND I PRETEND THIS WAS ALL PART OF THE PLAN FROM THE BEGINNING. OH, AND HENDERSON?



YOU'RE FIRED.

TOUGH BREAK, MAN. I DID WHAT I COULD.



FIRED, HUH. FINE. FINE! SCREW THIS JOB! HAPPY HOUR, HERE I COME!

YOU CAN'T GO BAR-HOPPING. THERE ARE REBELS ALL OVER THE CITY. THEY'LL SHOOT YOU ON SIGHT!



**ZIIIIIIIP!**

NOT IF I TAKE OFF MY UNIFORM! HOW WILL THEY KNOW I'M A COMBINE WITHOUT MY UNIFORM?

I'M PRETTY SURE THEY'LL KNOW.



WHAT GIVES ME AWAY? THE CHALKY SKIN? THE WASTE PORT STICKING OUT OF MY ABDOMEN? MY MECHANO-TESTICLES?

WELL, I WAS GONNA SAY IT WAS YOUR PROUD MILITARY BEARING, BUT NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT...



THEY GAVE YOU MECHANO-BALLS? LUCKY!











HMMM... PARTS  
OF THIS LADY LOOK **VERY**  
FAMILIAR... OH YEAH! IT'S, UM...  
JULIE... MOTHBERGER. I REMEMBER  
HER FROM THE **BLACK**  
**MESA** CHAPTER.  
OF MY LIFE.



SHE WAS WORKING WITH THE REBELS,  
THOUGH... WHICH MEANS SHE'S A  
TRAITOR! SHE MUST BE HERE TO KILL  
POOR DR. BREEN! I'D BETTER  
NOT LET HER KNOW WHO I AM, OR  
THAT I'VE DISCOVERED HER PLAN...



SHE'S STARING AT ME... WAIT! DOES  
SHE KNOW I'M DR. BREEN'S SWORN  
PROTECTOR? 'CUZ I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW  
THAT UNTIL JUST NOW WHEN I DECIDED I  
WAS. DAMN, SHE'S GOOD! I'D BETTER  
ACT LIKE A COMBINE BEFORE MY  
COVER IS BLOWN!



VOOT VOOT!  
I AM A RO-BOT! PLEASE  
FEED ME E-LEC-TRI-CI-TY! NEED  
IN-PUT! OIL MY HINGES! IN-SERT  
CARD AND EN-TER PIN! BLEEPLE  
BLURBLE FWEET!



OKAYYYY... THAT  
WAS... UNEXPECTED.  
I SHOULD POINT OUT THAT  
THE COMBINE AREN'T  
ROBOTS.



OH. THAT WAS  
JUST... COMBINE HUMOR!  
YOU KNOW HOW THEY ARE.  
I MEAN... **WE** ARE. **WE** COMBINE.  
OF WHICH I AM ONE. OF THEM.  
I MEAN, **US**. **WE** MEAN, **US**.  
HERE, LET ME START  
OVER.

HI, I'M GORDON  
FROHMAMDAMMIT!



**HINGES,**  
**GORDON? REALLY?**  
WERE YOU SUPPOSED  
TO BE A ROBOT MAILBOX  
OR SOMETHING?



MOSSMAN. HER NAME SHOULD BE BOSSMAN. "WAIT IN THERE," SHE SAYS. "DON'T TALK," SHE SAYS. "STOP SCRATCHING YOUR BUTT," SHE SAYS. WHAT A B--- HEY, IS THAT...



IS THAT... FREEMAN? HE CLIMBED INTO ANOTHER STALKER POD? MAN, WHAT AN IDIOT.



WELL, SINCE HE'S ALL HELPLESS, I'LL JUST HELP MYSELF TO THE GRAVITY GUN. MY GRAVITY GUN.



I'LL TAKE HIM FROM HERE.

AND I'LL TAKE THIS FROM HERE.



OOH, I'M GONNA LIFT THINGS, AND THROW THINGS, AND MAYBE STACK THINGS, AND DO OTHER THINGS TO THINGS!

I MISSED MY CLAW SO MUCH!



ER. OOPS! DIDN'T MEAN TO WANDER INTO BREEN'S OFFICE AGAIN...



WHAT'S THIS?

OH, PUT IT OVER THERE.

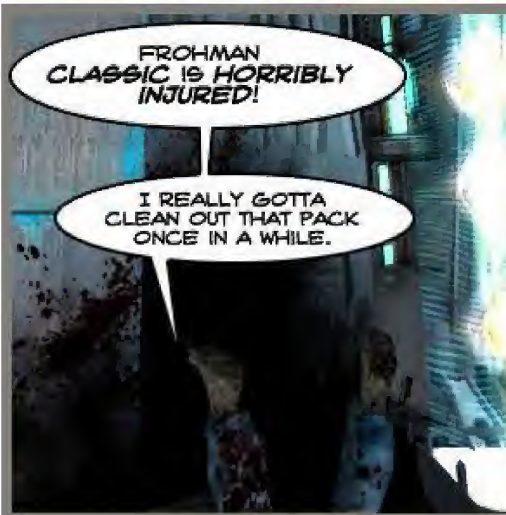


AW... I WANTED TO PLAY WITH IT NOW. GUESS I'LL LEAVE IT ON HIS DESK AND COME BACK LATER.



AT LEAST I DON'T HAVE TO HANG AROUND FOR THIS OFFICE MEETING. THESE THINGS ARE ALWAYS SO UNEVENTFUL.







WELL, THAT WAS A LONG CLIMB UP THE FIRE ESCAPE, BUT THERE'S FREEMAN! SHOOTING ORBS AT SOME METAL THINGIES! NOT... *QUITE*... THE BOSS-FIGHT I WAS ANTICIPATING...



BUT THOSE METAL THINGIES ARE *SPINNING*, AND IF SCIENCE HAS TAUGHT ME ANYTHING, IT'S THAT IF SOMETHING IS *SPINNING*, IT'S *IMPORTANT*.



SO, I HAVE TO KILL FREEMAN BEFORE HE KNOCKS ALL THOSE METAL THINGIES OFF!

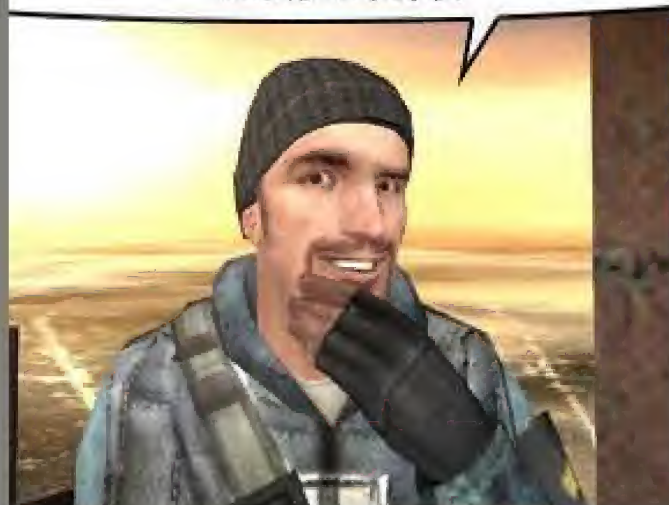


READY... AIM....

WAIT... I... I CAN'T DO THIS. I CAN'T JUST... *KILL GORDON FREEMAN*. I CAN'T!



NOT WITHOUT DELIVERING AN ULTRA COOL TAGLINE *AS* I'M KILLING HIM! IF THE MOVIES HAVE TAUGHT ME ANYTHING, IT'S THAT YOU HAVE TO MAKE SOME CLEVER PUN OR REMARK WHEN YOU WASTE A DUDE!



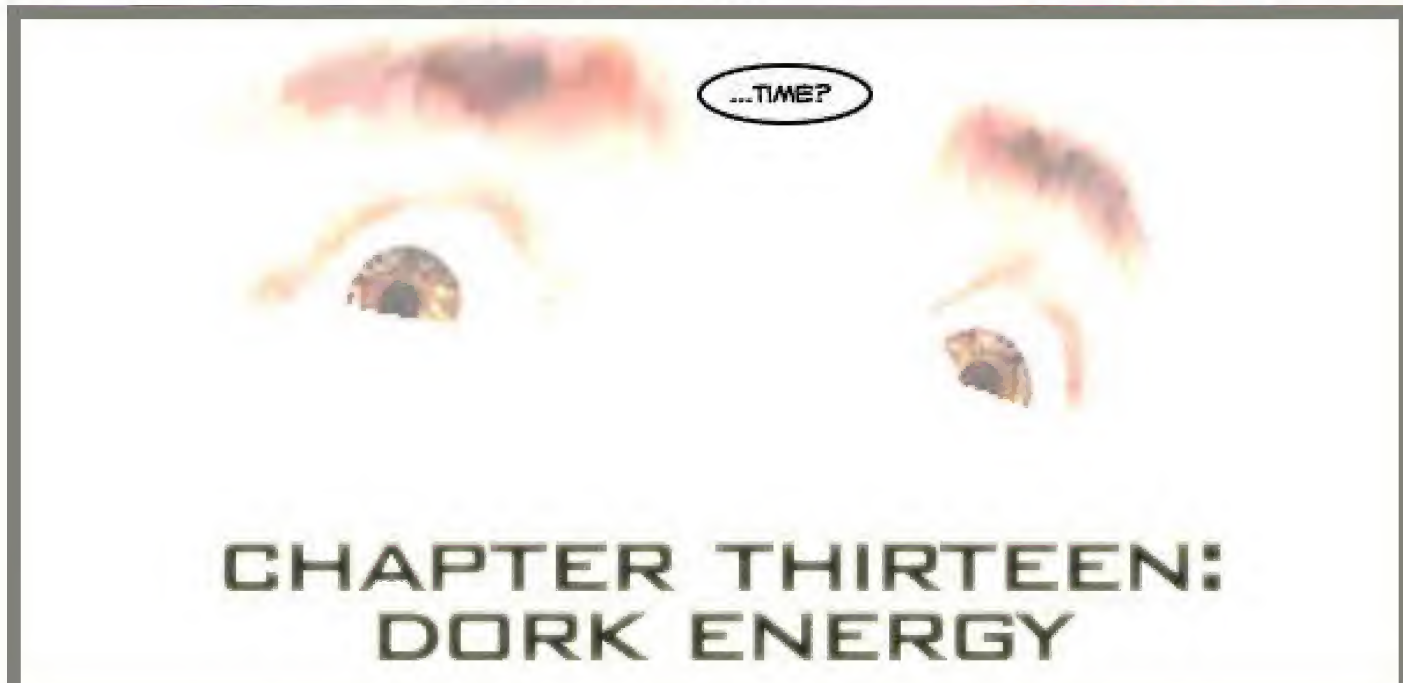
I'M KILLING *FREEMAN*... WITH A *CROSSBOW*. WHAT WOULD BE A CLEVER THING TO SAY ABOUT THAT? HMMM...



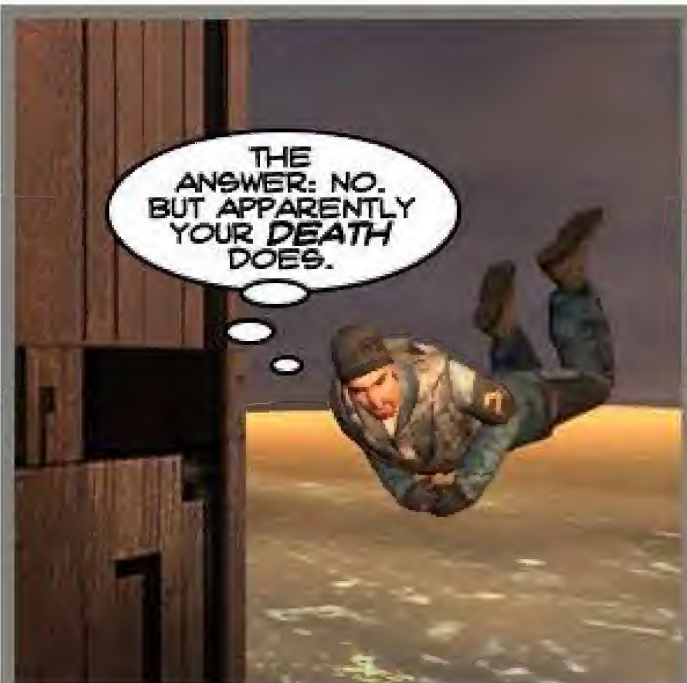


















FUNNY. THE COMBINE HAVE PUT ME IN CHARGE OF SEVENTEEN CITIES, AND EACH ONE HAS WOUND UP IN TOTAL RUIN AND CHAOS. DOES THAT MEAN I'M A TERRIBLE ADMINISTRATOR?

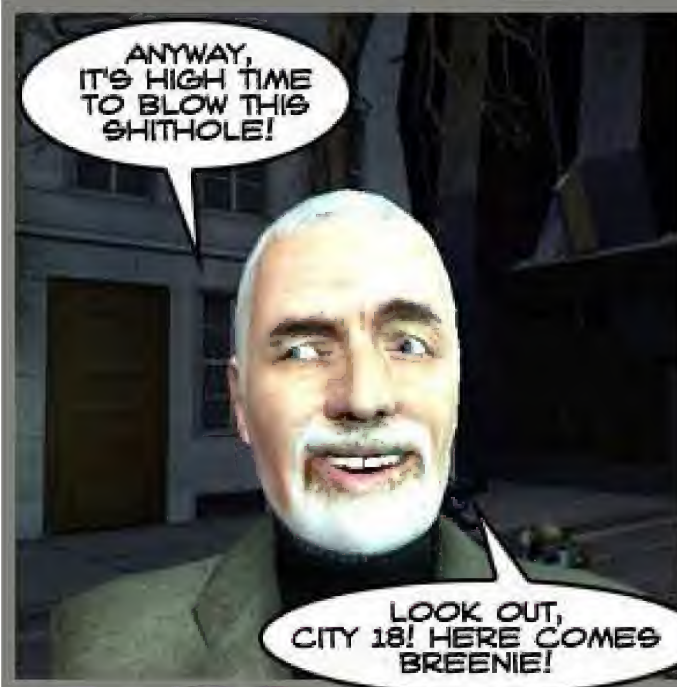


NAH, MUST JUST BE BAD LUCK.

WELL, THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT FREEMAN THINKS I'M DEAD. OR MAYBE THAT I'VE TRANSFERRED MY MIND INTO THE BODY OF A GIANT SLUG. HAH HAH! YOU WISH, SUCKER!



ANYWAY, IT'S HIGH TIME TO BLOW THIS SHITHOLE!



LOOK OUT, CITY 18! HERE COMES BREENIE!

DEAR DR. BREEN,

IS THAT YOU I'M PLUMMETING TOWARDS?

SIGNED,  
A CONCERNED CITIZEN.



PS: WRITE BACK! NEED AN ANSWER QUICK!





HEY! I'M ALIVE! MOST OF MY BONES ARE BROKEN AND MY INTERNAL ORGANS ARE MASHED, BUT I DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY HEAD INJURIES! I THINK I CAN EVEN GET UP IF I CAN FIND SOMETHING TO USE AS A CRUTCH...









WELL, LOOKS LIKE NO ONE IS GONNA  
SHOW UP AND SAVE ME AT THE LAST  
SECOND OR ANYTHING. FIGURES! AH  
WELL, GUESS I'LL JUST DIE. CAN'T BE  
THAT BAD... THINGS WILL SLOWLY  
GO ALL BLACK AND THEN...



UH.  
OR MAYBE THINGS  
WILL GO BLACK IN A  
BIG GOSH-DARN  
HURRY?



RRRAAAAAHHH...

IS THAT...  
JESUS? OR NOT  
SO MUCH?



LAAAAHHH...

...AAHHLAAA...



...AAHHRAAAA...

...LLLAAAAAAA...



...AAHH...

...RRRAHH...

...RAHHH...

...LAARRAAAA...























HEY,  
WHAT ABOUT  
THIS GUY LYING ON  
TOP OF DOCTOR  
BREEN?

TOTALLY  
DEAD.

HE'S  
DEAD.

YEAH. DEAD.  
DEFINITELY.

SO,  
WHO WANTS TO  
GET SOME  
LUNCH?

SHOULDN'T  
WE BE GETTING TO  
THE TRAIN STATION? WE  
DON'T WANT TO MISS THE  
TRAIN TO EPISODE  
TWO!



